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HAME-SPUN RHYMES.

BY

JAMES SMITH,

AUTHOR OF TWO EDITIONS OF "HAME-SPUN RHYMES,"
IN 1842 AND 1874.

ABERDEEN:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.
1879.

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PREFACE TO MY THIRD BOOK OF HAME-SPUN RHYMES.

In venturing forth another book of my Hame-Spun Rhymes, I feel impressed with the idea that the public will be tired of my imperfect scrawls and poor imitations of other and more deserving aspirants to the honour of being considered poets. To many, almost all of them, I must own beat, but encouraged by the hearty reception of my last book by all, from the highest in the land, by most of the nobility and gentry in the three counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine, and by the very liberal support I have already received for my forth-coming little book, even before it has seen the light, I am led to hope that an indulgent public are yet willing to encourage me in my feeble attempts to climb Parnassus. For the very great liberality shown me, I here beg to thank my numerous supporters, and beg to assure them I have done the best I could under the difficulties I have to contend with—a deficient education, want of means of instruction from other writers, and the little time I can spare from my daily labour for my support in these times. Taking all these into account, I hope the parties who

have, and will yet assist me, will be satisfied with what I have attempted, and take the will for the deed. Again thanking my numerous patrons and subscribers, and that you all may have the same pleasure of reading my pieces as I have had in composing them,

I am, Ladies and Gentlemen,

Your much-obliged and devoted Servant,

JAMES SMITH.

13 COMMERCE STREET,

ABERDEEN, *August, 1879.*

ADDRESS TO MY BOOK.

I SEND you out, my little Book,
Ye for great favour need not look.
Some folk will tak' and read you through,
But to admire you will be few ;
Some will read bits here and there,
Fling you past, never mind you mair.
For their neglect, just never heed,
Ye 'll honour get when ance I 'm dead ;
Folk to books sma' attention gives
So long, as their author lives,
But when awa' to their lang hame,
It 's then their writings gather fame.
But never mind the slights ye get,
Of better books that 's been the fate.
In artless language tell your tale,
Let what you say commend itsel' ;
To rich and poor be aye alike,
Get dainty fare or bones to pike ;
Be aye well pleased and never fret,
Tak' aye the treatment that you get ;
Where you 're caressed and where you 're not,
Be well contented with your lot.
No doubt ye 'll hae a chequered life
In this world of envy and strife,
Some will your homely sayings mock,
And make of you a laughin' stock ;
But let them laugh at you their till,
Ye 're for amusement, mean nae ill,
A leisure hour to pass away,
That is your aim and motto aye.
To great and sma' be aye obligin',
Tell them of your low origin,

Sure to man or woman tell 'er
Ye was wrote in a coal cellar,
A table couldna you afford,
But in its stead a washin' board,
And held upon your author's knee,
That ye this world's light first did see.
Ye 're imperfect, nae great wonder,
There 's nae ane among a hunder
That could you hae composed so weel,
With but auchteen months at the skweel.
Had I the learning some folk hae,
I 'd made you say anither say,
And keepit back by daily toil,
A living get by croak and wile.
I little time could on you spare,
Things to keep right need a' my care.
But as you are I send you forth,
To east, south, west, and to the north,
And hope you 'll do as well 's you can,
Do some good to my fellow-man.
Hope good reception you will get,
And help me to get out of debt,
Is the height of my ambition,
Owe nae man a pinch o' sneeshin.
My wayward fate 's been aye uphill,
And gone in debt against my will,
But now, I think I see my way,
With help of you be rid for aye.

HAME-SPUN RHYMES.

MY OWN LIFE AND ADVENTURES : FROM 1818 TO 1879.

In March month, the twenty-aucht day,
As I've heard my auld mither say,
Year auchteen hunner and auchteen,
That I in this world first was seen
At Langhaven, Cruden paris',
Nae far frae Stirling quarries.
A fishing village ance was there,
But now for forty year and mair
Has oot o' that place been lifted,
To North-haven has been shifted,
Maist aside the Buchan Bullers,
Ever since they hoist their colours.

First nine years o' my life's spent,
The ways o' the world little kent ;
The spring and hairst I herdit kye
To crafter folk that lived near-by—
By name, James An lerson, was ea'd,
Ower-by at Little Tillymaud.

There was nae Education Ae',
Or aff to skweel I'd had to pack.
My parents, poor in my young days,
Could scarce get to me meat and claes,
Mair family, as well as me,
They had baith meat and claes to gie ;
Some o' us wis maist aye unweel,
And needed aft the doctor's skeel.
Thus we lived on frae day to day,
Where the neist day's meat would come frae
Mony 's the time we didna ken,
And had at times to get a len' ;
Thus strugglin' on, I kenna hoo,
Some way or other aye got through.

Manag'd aye to get a livin',
We Cruden left in twenty-seven,
And to the south we flitted far,
To a craft aside the Birness bar,
On Peterhead and Ellon road,
For a short time was our abode.
'Twas a coarse place, o' stiff red clay,
Frae it we seen remov'd away—
I'm sure we left it wi' guid will.
We flitted neist up to Coalhill,
Maist aboot twa miles frae Ellon,
A house and yard to plant kail in ;
Nae mair a craft was to be got,
Must be contented wi' our lot.
But here now I maun be tellin'
I was sent to skweel at Ellon ;

Nae ower seen 'twas to me given,
I of age was now eleven.
Upon the year right weel I min',
Auchteen hunner and twenty-nine,
The year o' the great muckle spate,
That the Ythan put in sic a state,
Gart her in flood come rinnin' doon—
I min' weel on 't, though but a loon.

Our skweel was the Secedar Kirk,
And our teacher's name was George Clark—
Did weel enough in warm weather,
But cauld days gart 's seek anither
Where a fire could be erected.
The auld town-house was selected,
That stood up in the Ellon Square,
And up in front had a stane stair.

The first day I gaed to the skweel,
Like yesterday I min' on 't weel,
A New Testament had wi' me—
There was nae ither book to gie me.
The maister speir'd if I had more,
And what skweel I'd been at before ;
Said at nae skweel I'd ever been,
This was the first that I had seen.
He said, " That book you needna bring,
You 'll need, I doot, some ither thing ;
You 'll need a book used by a bairn
E're ye begin to readin' learn."

I said I had been readin' in 't
As weel as my self-learnin' went.
" Ah, weel," says he " if that's the case,
Ye in a class may tak' yer place,
But first I would like you to hear
If ye that book can read it clear."
So I to readin' set mysel',
Ae word I didna need to spell,
Then in a Bible class was plac'd
At its fit, aneath a' the rest ;
But at it lang I didna stop,
I seen was up and at the top ;
But there a ticklish seat I had,
Some o' the class were nae that bad,
And sometimes press'd me awfu' hard
Wi' any great lang-nibbet word.
Ae day, I min' upon 't richt weel,
That I was keepit frae the skweel,
For that neist day I had to sit
Aneath them a', doon at the fit ;
But doon there lang I didna stop,
First lesson was up near the top.
Some of them there were scholars gweed,
Withoot gaen wrang could spell and read.
They a' thought it glorious fun
That I up could nae farer wun.
I was thus put in to a stan' ;
The maister took my ease in han',
With the word Banff gave me a chance,
I spell't it, and got up at once.

Wi' such like contests learned fast,
 Frae ae step to anither pass'd.
 I very anxious was to learn,
 Had wit I was now nae a bairn ;
 My skweelin' days would seen be ower,
 I only got months three or four,
 My bread I'd hae to gang and earn
 Out in the hard world, cauld and stern.

As far as I can remember,
 Left Ellon skweel in December.
 Father aye on the wing was hoverin',
 We again removed to Foveran ;
 To a place there ca'd Davishill,
 I had to gang against my will.
 So there we dwelt a year or twa,
 In a frail hoose aye like to fa'.
 To learn, I being unco willin',
 To a skweel at Culter-Cullen
 Three o' that winter's months was sent.
 Neist summer I to herdin' went,
 Back again nae far frae Ellon,
 For a poun' my labours sellin'.
 Muckle fees was nae in that days,
 Would nae gang far in sheen and claes ;
 Herd't nowt, cleaned oot byres dirty,
 Passed the simmer auchteen thirty.

A fearfu' night was in that year,
 Fill'd mony aane wi' dread and fear :

A terrific thunderstorm raged,
The elements in strife engaged,
And carried on a dreadful fight
Through the whole o' that awful night.
The lightning flash'd, the thunder roar'd,
And many thought that Nature's Lord
Was callin' all to judgment home,
An' the last day was on them come.
A night like that there hasna been
Within the shire of Aberdeen,
Nor ither shires, as far's I ken,
Nor the like seen by aulder men.
Some thunder storms as fierce I've seen,
But nane the cracks sae short atween,
Nor yet extend to sic a length,
Ere it abated a' its strength ;
Continued on for aucht lang hours,
And rain came down wi' awfu' pours.

That simmer's herdin' did wear deen,
I gaed hame to learn makin' sheen ;
My idle days were now a' past,
I had now to stick to my last.
That I would like it I had doots,
Sewin' patches an' closin' boots,
And also closin' women's sheen,
As well as orra jobs atween.
I was nae slow at uptakin',
Little sheen I seen was makin'.
A gweed trade we seen would had there,
To mak beets and sheen mony a pair.

But father being aye some fickle,
And the house near in a rickle,
He took a notion in his head
Frae that again to flit wi' speed.
Got a bit groun' jist by gweed luck
Up at the Moss of Pettymuck—
A bit when Udny Road was made,
Aff College lan's to Udny laid,
Again was chang'd for the end rig,
But a house was on 't to big.

So in the spring o' thirty-one
Father and me a house began.
First we had the stanes to quarry,
At that a while we had to tarry ;
Then to the biggin' we began—
He the mason, I the barrowman.
Of mason work we 'd little skeel,
A while we got on unco weel,
Till we cam' up to the gable ;
Up the stanes I was nae able
On the scaffoldin' to set them,
Up sae high I couldna get them.
So then to let the wark go on,
Father he gave me up the stone,
I gables and lumheads bigget,
So up a house we seen had rigget,
Put on the reef and in the doors ;
A lot o' wark had yet afore 's—
The windows an' the fleers to lay,
The wa's to plaster o'er wi' clay ;

On the reef put mossy divot,
Then a thackin' had to give it ;
But for that we were nae fashious,
Just stob-thackit it wi' rashes,
For them we were nae at a loss,
Plenty of them was in the moss.
Thus by workin' at it steady,
By the hairst time we had it ready ;
A' right it's stannin' to this day,
Though it was bigget maist wi' clay.

It is now a mair lively abode—
There now, across the Udny road,
The Buchan and Formartine line
Is carried by a straight incline ;
Trains are ever on it flyin',
Now it's nae sae lonesome lyin'.
At the door you could tak' your stan',
A stane could throw on three lairds' lan'—
Tillicorthie, Udny, College—
That's been deen aft to my knowledge.
At that time a square mile of moss
To the house north end came close,
Twa or three yards or little more,
Could thrown the peats in at the door.

Father heard Udny's factor say
To gentlemen with him one day,
“ If they awa the moss would take,
What a fine field that ground would make.”

Now a' the moss aff it has worn,
And now it's growin' neeps and corn.
Left the auld house at Davishill,
And flitted up our new house till ;
We liv'd in it about five years,
That now as yesterday appears.

As I nae arithmetic had,
And wantin' which is very bad,
I gaed a few months to the skweel,
At coontin' got on vera weel,
Made me at times be on my mettle,
Up at the skweel at Balnakettle.
To get on I fell on a plan—
When any new rule I began,
I gart the maister lat me see
First question o't the way to dee ;
Then got on at a rapid rate,
Wi' lots o' questions fill'd my scelate.
To let me nae block time at school,
The maister said pass to neist rule ;
Ken fu to work ane or twa
Is just as gweed as work them a'.
Anything I'd to get by heart,
I manag'd to get quick and smart,
Nae langer time to it takin'
Than mither was the pottage makin'.

We carried on wi' din maist deavin'.
Baith makin' sheen and weavin'.

Father at the leem kep't whackin',
I the beets and sheen was makin' ;
A gweed livin' we might hae made
Had we baith but stuck to ae trade.
Now growin' up to be a man
I got disgusted wi' the plan,
Wi' the trade I brak' the bargain
And turned oot to try the dargin',
Wrought at that aboot sax years—
(Ah ! time, fu' fast awa' it wears.)

For months employed at castin' peats,
Far sairer wark than sheen or beets ;
Fyles I had some heavy touches,
Trenchin' groun' and castin' ditches,
Biggin' feal dykes and castin' drains,
Fyles had but little for my pains ;
And took a hairst maist ilka year,
For a' that couldna gather gear.
My first hairst was up near Kintore,
Got auchteen shillin's to my store ;
It took full five weeks to make it,
For that to twa scythes I raikeet,
Just sair enough for a young loon,
To James Harvey of the Fordtoon.
Neist hairst I was at Tillyfoor,
The fee I had was very poor ;
I didna unco muckle for 't,
Rake to ae scythe was only sport.
The neist, if I can rightly min',
Was at a place ca'd Hill o' Clyne ;

But there I had a better fee,
I had for months nae mair than three
The nice large sum of three poun' ten,
A bigger fee than best o' men.
My neist was at Hill o' Crimon,
For twa poun' five I got on swimmin'.
Neist year I gaed to Fiddesbegg,
But there wi' wark I got a flegg—
To hale four scythes I had to rake
My twa poun' five to make,
But as they were weel pleased wi' me,
Five shillin's added to my fee.
A hairst in Udny, at Hillbrae,
For some four weeks a' but a day ;
Of fee I had one poun' auchteen,
Was by the week, hairst was nae deen.
Three weeks hairst was down at Crudlen.
At South Ardiffery intrulen ;
Intrulen was what came to pass,
I took awa' a farmer's lass.
I near forgot, nae wi' my will,
A hairst I was at Davishill,
I had for twa poun' five a fee
To rake to scythes the number three ;
And twa hairsts was at Auchloon,
To year forty-five brings me doon—
The hindmost hairst that I was at,
I think I am maist sure o' that.

Now when about my hairsts I've tell't,
Back to the house in which we dwelt,

And say something mair about it,
Else my story might be doubted.
We stoppit there about five years,
Till about our health had fears.
It was a low unhealthy place,
Some o's unwell aye mair or less,
A nasty bog anent the door
A thick mist came often ower ;
So we again thought best to flit,
In sic a bog nae longer sit.
We a healthier place would try,
So in the lan' of Tillery
A house and yard we did secure
On a farm town ca'd Tillyfoor.

There a fine healthy place we got,
Nae in a bog to sit and rot,
A fine house now and a gweed yard
Did us wi' gweed health reward ;
For kail and tatties at nae loss,
And a short distance frae the moss.
Thought now a restin' place we'd found,
But grandfather gave up his ground,
So father now moved to the place,
Year auchteen forty-one o' grace.
Father, mother, and a' the rest,
Left me alone to do my best,
Sae aft flittin' I'd taen anger,
I'd nae wi' them flit nae langer.

I now house-hadden first began,
Though I was yet but a young man

I in a empty house was left :
Folk thought and said that I was daft
In a feem house to bide alane
Wi' naething but the wa's o' stane.
Now launched on life's stormy ocean
I set a' my powers in motion.
First thing, some furniture to get,
Aff to an auld wife's roup I set,
Bought a bed and some orra things,
And them hame to the hoose I brings.
At sale of wood at Tillery
I nine big stanin' trees did buy,
And into boards I got them sawn,
Then rack'd them up to keep frae thrawn,
And got them seasoned wi' the drought
Ere into furniture were wrought ;
Then wi' them fitted up my house,
Gart it look tidy and gay spruce.
Neist for a wife I lookit oot
Among the lasses roon aboot,
Self sometimes on them intruden,
Till at last got ane frae Cruden,
Nae a useless dress'd up lady,
But ane to work a'thing ready ;
Could wash a sark, could knit and sew,
Do a'thing maist, could bake and brew,
Aye willin' to do a' she can,
Fit neiper for a workin' man.

Took my auld grannie's gweed advice,
" First get a hoose up fitted nice,

Then some gweed decent lass look oot,
Mak' her your wife, then little doot
Bairns at the proper time will come
To cheer and bless the happy home.”
In that house for about four years
We jogg'd on through life's hopes and fears,
And baith worked as hard as able,
Hae a bit upon the table,
And get some duds o' decent claes
To keep us warm in stormy days.
Wrought in the moss at castin' peats,
Now sunbrunt, then the rain did wet's,
For sax weeks that did workin' keeps,
We then got wark at hoein' neeps ;
Then after that the hairst came on,
Then we did baith a hairst fee wun—
When baek to our hame did enter
We had something for the winter.
Through winter's months whatever came
I did to bring a shillin' hame,
At blastin' stanes or thrashin' corn
Aye when it was a weety morn,
Or day's work at a neiper toon
Till mossin' time again eam' roon.

Aye at night, and at orra times,
Employed mysel' at makin' rhymes,
The year o' auchteen forty-twa
In gweed print first the light they saw,
To the number of five hunner,
Mony ane gart stare and won'er.

We in the house at Tillyfoor dwelt
Till notice got to leav't were tell't,
Nae that we did them ony harm ;
A man to work upon the farm,
For which the folk did need the house,
And oot we had to flit in course.
To Collieston we flitted down,
Ayont the Ythan, a fish town,
In which for nine years we stop't ;
So now the outside work I drop't,
Commenced again to makin' sheen,
Nae ither work could there be deen.
I for a fyle had a gweed trade,
But by-and-by began to fade—
A'thing new at first is bonny,
Is maist aye the way wi' mony.
A payin' trade it never was,
At lang and length found out the cause :
Men got their sheen at Peterhead,
When they'd a herrin' fishin' gweed.
Ayc afore they came hame again,
They maist got sheen to a' the men ;
The best payin' part of the trade,
But few of them I ever made,
Only women's and little sheen
And the mendin' to me was gien,
Which is aft but a time-killer,
Soon found I was losin' silier.

Fyles sair made to mak' a livin',
Forced at last to be up given.

To do something and help a part
We a bit shoppie tried to start,
And on wi' 't was comin' speed
Till we began to sellin' bread ;
A'thing folk said we seen would rue't,
As in the place 'twas nae allow't
Nane but the baker to sell bread,
The folk maun tak' it ill or gweed.
In a short time we got a tellin'
To desist frae the bread sellin',
If we persisted mair or less
We would just hae to leave the place ;
For a' that never fash't our thoom,
Continued on, we kent our doom,
When tauld the term was ower near,
So on we sell't another year,
And a great trade in bread did mak',
For folk nae ither bread would tak'.

So Collieston we had to leave,
Our anchor up again to heave,
For a free country to set sail
Across the Ythan with the gale
To Newburgh, the land o' the free,
For what you sell't nae faut would be.

Some o' things I did in Slains
I little thanks got for my pains.
Nae a library Slains could boast,
A' its folk wantin' readin' lost,

While ither parishes aroun'
 A library had settled doon.
 A great privilege to hae
 Gweed and cheap readin' to get fae ;
 A real intellectual treat,
 Readin' is the neist thing to meat,
 Must meat to feed the body find,
 So readin' needs to feed the mind.

Ac day, thus aboot it thinkin',
 The place in ignorance sinkin',
 A library we here maun hae,
 What way or where the cash come fae !
 To found it I at once began,
 On a paper made out a plan
 To get it up as far 's I kent.
 Quick to the minister I went,
 Said the very thing he wanted,
 What he could do would be granted.
 Bade me get on, he would assist,
 A guinea gie to head my list ;
 Said I should gang through the pairis'
 And raise money on to carry 's.
 To do that quickly I agreed,
 But said I would come better speed
 If on Sunday after preachin'
 My plan to the folk be teachin',
 Tellin' them they 'd fin' the gweed o't,
 That the parish had much need o't,
 And thoroughly explain to all,
 And that I was to on them call

In the course of the present week,
A subscription from them to seek,
A library to set agoin',
Their cash would nae awa' be throwin'.

That he tell't them a' on Sunday,
I began my calls on Monday,
And for four days I trampit on
To rich and peir ; I spair'd nane,
And maist wondrous speed I came
Aye where I got the folk at hame,
Frae them maist aw five shillin's got,
So thus aye four came till a note ;
Frae twelve of our committee men,
Who doubling gave us shillin's ten.
Landlord, Colonel Gordon, Cluny,
Was nae spairin' o' his money,
When rightly a' oor plans he kent,
To help wi' 't ten poun's he sent ;
And likewise, to show 's guidwill,
Five poun's was sent us frae Parkhill.
The minister gave guineas twa—
So when we up had added a',
We had just about sixty pounds
Collected in the parish bounds.
A library was then erected
And much gweed fae it expected ;
Cost me lots of time and cash,
And hinner't wark, forby the fash
Attendin' meetin's o' some sort,
I never yet got thank you for 't ;

Might get thanks in a public manner,
Get a supper or a dinner—
After I was ower in Foveran,
Expected a purse o' sovereigns.

We again crossed Ythan ferries
Back again to Foveran parish,
In Newburgh village pitched our camp,
Poor as a fellow on the tramp.
We for our flittin' couldna pay,
Carter paid on a future day.
I tried again sheen makin',
Some trips to Collieston takin'.
I got some jobs still frae that place,
In course my wark frae that grew less ;
As that grew less, in Newburgh mair,
Some cobblin' jobs, fyles a new pair ;
Got a lot of sheen frae Ellon,
In Newburgh commences sellin',
For them ready market found ;
First year's sale, three hunner pound,
Per hunner had seven poun' ten,
That set me up a bit again.
Soon I did mair than sellin' sheen,
Got made elaes frae Aberdeen ;
Got stationery, books, and papers,
Pots and pans, and hooks for reapers,
Tinware, flagons, and tea kettles,
Knives, forks, spoons, a' kinds o' metals.
On a' that I commission had,
Sell't for cash, debts never bad.

Then sellin' groceries we did try,
Each week got out a new supply,
What didna sell was returned back,
On our hands nae dead stock did mak'.

Although our plans were some funny,
In that way we made some money,
And shortly would hae grown rich,
But things turned roun' seen caused a hitch.
We in our house had little space,
With fillin' up was growing less,
Goods a' crushed on ither lyin',
Spoiled their look, pat folk fae buyin'.

The man for whom we sell't the shoes
Came down ae day, expressed his views,
He said that way we 'd need to drop,
And he would big a roomy shop,
To the street a showy gable,
Let's pay him when we're able,
And interest pay him for the len',
And then the shop would be oor ain.
To dee a' that we seen agreed,
And then the shop was built wi' speed
Wi' gweed hard bricks and temper'd lime,
Was in a very short space of time
A nice-like shop, and very neat,
Wi' twa big windows to the street,
And a door right through atween them,
A braw sign stuck up abeen them.

We now got in a bigger stock,
Maist a' thing had to suit the folk,
Got our goods now better shown,
A gweed trade was now set agoin'.

The man that to us built the shop
Said in my name the trade should drop,
And he in partnership would gang,
Raise a great trade ere very lang ;
Extend the shop a bittie bigger,
Hae a more imposing figure,
Mair room for our increasin' trade,
Get things in proper places laid.
An' quick get on, and nae be tardy
Wi' the firm of Smith and Hardy,
It will mak' the concern stronger,
Mak' our credit stan' the longer.
So into partnership we went
Wi' some cash that was to him lent ;
Said we would mak' a lucky hit,
Our shop we would mak' bigger yet
For a soutar and some tailors,
Never countin' on nae failures.
Got up a shop cost twa hunner—
Folk in the place we gart won'er :
Our shop now to our min' was made,
In it we did a roarin' trade ;
Plenty folk came to us and bought,
We maist had a' thing that they sought ;
And aye mair trade to try and catch,
Sell't our tobacco row'd in match.

Wi' such a trade we might been rich,
But in't there soon occurred a hitch ;
My partner had some borrowed cash,
Folk for't back began him to fash.
He to pacify that same folk
Blamed me for takin' too much stock.
A merchant dwelt in Aberdeen
That he was due a lot for sheen,
Advised him to put me out
If o' my management had doubt,
He would send a man to the shop,
That way o' daein soon would drop.

A man was sent to tak' my place,
Again I had the world to face ;
If I fae doin' right was far,
The man put in was ten times waur.
Soon shop and stock was in a mess,
And day by day the trade grew less,
Soon my late partner saw 's mistak'
And often wished he had me back.
It was a shame, a'body said,
After I'd made there sic a trade.
Soon was baith shop and stock to sell,
At sic a loss thinks shame to tell.
A little shop across the road
I startit now, in debt a load,
I to different folk was owin'
Ere I could get it set agoin'.
In many straits, in hopes and fears,
I kept it goin' for three years,

In that time tried many a plan,
But in the end a broken man.

Then I was done for, fair and clean,
Had to flit into Aberdeen ;
In there we thought it best to be,
Our twa boys frae that went to sea,
And as to sea they went and came
We had for them an open hame.
When settled down in Aberdeen
Commenceed again to makin' sheen ;
At that some kind o' livin' made,
At its best its but a peir trade
(That I ever learned am sorry).
Maist of my wark I got from Torry ;
Folk frae Collieston had flitted there,
To them I'd made many a pair ;
Crossed ower to Torry every day
Aye for their wark, it was their way,
Now for nearhan' to thirteen years
(Lookin' back, short the time appears).

For first sax years new sheen I made,
And carried on a gey gweed trade
Till workmen's pay and leather raise,
Aff them could nae mak' meat nor claes ;
Left aff the new, to cobblin' fell,
Only what I could do mysel'.

When first to Aberdeen we came,
In Wales Street we took up our hame,

Then removed to Jasmine Terrace,
Through twa years o' time did carry's.
Neist four years in Cotton Street dwelt,
Very hard up it maun be tell't ;
Wi' ill health and ither losses
We'd to bear misfortune's crosses.
What way we did I scarcely ken ;
Then flicted neist down to Yeats' Lane,
Then for the neist three years dwelt there,
Then to our present house repair ;
Near four years at number thirteen
In Commerce Street in Aberdeen--
That is now our place of abode,
Where we pass on life's weary road.

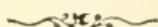
In the year auchteen seventy-four
I tried again my Muses power,
Got her on me again to look :
Second edition of my book
I now put out, of Hame-spun Rhymes,
Wi' some new bits to suit the times.
I printed got full ten hunder,
Wi' sae mony made a blunder ;
I only sell't half the number,
The rest remained useless lumber.
Thought nae mair of them would sell,
Till an event, it's strange to tell,
I got them noticed by the Queen,
Then my supply went shortly deen.
Soon as they got Royal entry
Then nobility and gentry

Patronized me on every han',
Spread far and wide throughout the lan',
Till nae a copy's wi' me left.
But of the muse I'm nae bereft,
O' rhymin' matter I'm nae deen,
I'll soon now hae out a new ane.
I of the money now hae need,
I doubtna but I will come speed,
As now it's widely kent and seen
I'm rhymer now unto the Queen ;
His Royal Highness, Prince Leopold,
His patronage I also hold ;
To be knighted I'm maist certain,
At same time wi' Sammy Martin.

So thus I've tried to put in rhyme
My life's adventures to this time,
Reviewing my past life I see
Many things again I wouldna dee.
Nae use vain regrets ower the past,
Do better while my life does last,
In the right path try and hold on,
As time with me will soon be gone,
Mair need to work while it is day,
In night I cannot grope my way.

Twa generations I have seen
That hae their course of life run deen :
Grandfathers lived to be auld men,
One's age I do not rightly ken—

The one upon my mither's side—
How long in this world did abide ;
The other was in years well ower,
Lived till he was eighty-four.
My father here had a sair fecht,
And when he died was eighty-eight ;
My mither at the same age died,
Though wi' ill-health she lang was tried.
Roughly tossed on life's troubled waves,
They are at rest now in their graves ;
While in life may had sins forgiven,
Hope their souls are now in heaven ;
Up there to follow them I 'll try,
In heaven join them when I die.
So in that hope my mind I'll rest,
Wi' heaven's help I'll do my best,
Nae kenin' yet what is before me,
Or what evils may come ower me—
'Twould nae be well for me to ken,
So now I'll stop and add, Amen.



THE PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF ABERDEEN.

To write the past of Aberdeen
I 'll only speak of what I 've seen.
The year aughteen hunner and thirty
I first saw the town, foul and dirty.

In December month, ae frosty morn,
I came in wi' carts load wi' corn,
Came frae Davishill of Foveran,
Proud as if I'd had a sovereign —
I anxious was to see the town
And places that did it surroun'.
Strange things I saw as we came on,
By Balgownie's Brig crossed the Don ;
The new brig was then completit,
The road was nae made to meet it,
At the north end men were cuttin'
A great bank in order puttin',
A road to mak' up the incline,
Straight on the former road to join—
A nearer and a better route,
By auld brig half-a-mile about.
By Seaton House a brae came down
To the road leadin' to the town—
A fine road, nane could be faultin',
Better far than through the Aulton.
In bygone days folk had to gang
(Now better roads and nae sae lang,
Though somewhat steep), frae Lady Mill
Up to the top of Spital-hill,
When there, glow'rin' right afore me,
Saw the reek, I thought would smore me,
And through my fear began to speak,
Doubt' we'll nae farer wun for reek ;
But aye as we to it came near,
Awa' afore's it seemed to clear.

Safely got to Mealmarket Lane,
That was the name 'twas kent by then,
That name it did deserve it weel,
A market was for sellin' meal ;
In a large square, just off the street,
In covered sheds to keep off weet,
Wi' open fronts, their stores to show,
In front a counter, weights below,
A beam and scales upon the top,
Was wholly used as a meal shop.

Now our journey came to a fix,
Horses unyoked at Number Six,
And stabled there till afternoon,
Gien lots o' meat and rabbit doon,
As well's a drink and feed o' corn,
And rest fae fatigue of that morn.
So much for beast, so now for man :
Made for the inn, our only plan.
We now our breakfast sair was needin',
The horses in the stable feedin' ;
Our breakfasts soon we bolted down,
Then we set out to see the town,
And of what we saw mak' mention.
The first thing took our attention
Was the North Kirk, just new biggit,
Wi' a spire and clock was riggit.
Gazed wi' wonder at the biggin',
Spire and clock upon the riggin',
And sic a height abeen the door,
The like I never saw before ;

Admired pretty front and gable.
Right to ken I wasna able,
What way they sic a house could mak' ;
But for the claes she'd on her back,
They ragged were and worn bare,
It was rightly named the Rag Fair.

Baith sides of a lane hung wi' claes,
Maist of them had seen better days,
Been worn by the best in the lan',
But now for sale as second han'.
Second han', what am I sayin',
First han' on the sheepies baein',
Then they came to be second han'
When they came to be worn by man ;
They first by sheep and silkworm worn,
Then came to dress the noble born.
Some of them in their day been gran',
Now here for sale at the third han'.
On gay braw folk they might been seen,
Now in Rag Fair of Aberdeen
They are seen hingin' up for sale ;
If they could speak strange things could tell.

Now a bit farer up Queen Street
O' seein' sights I got a treat,
On explorin', now embarkit
In to see the Poultry Market ;
Saw for sale, butter, eggs, and cheese,
Sellers there (buyers ill to please)

Sittin' wi' baskets in their lap,
Nae tables to set on the tap.
The butter wives sat on ae side,
The poultry sellers had to bide
A' out ower upon anither,
Didna weel agree thegither.
Hens would ffee about and flutter,
Raise a dust and spoil the butter ;
Also, geese and turkeys were for sale,
Sides of beef and sheep hingin' hale—
A queer-like place a'thegether,
Little proteetion frae the weather,
Nae closed in front, but open sheds,
Some broken tiles abeen their heads ;
Such was the market at the time
As I hae tried to put in rhyme.

Folk would think my rhyme but silly
Nae to speak of "Turkey Willie,"
That aye about the market went,
A character a' body kent.
Ower his shouther turkeys hingin',
Them into the market bringin',
Some hung afore and some ahin',
Came on right well though he was blin'.
He doubtless lived a weary life,
Had such a vixen of a wife,
While she sell't hen, duke, and turkey,
To carry them gart him work aye.
If he chaneed to tak' a wrang road
Gaen or comin' wi' his load,

Up and shook him by the shouder,
While her tongue gaed loud and louder,
And ea'd him mony an ill-faur'd name,
O' what was wrang aye got the blame.
And a loon ea'd "Jumpin' Robbie"
In the market had a jobie,
Aye sellin' spunks, thread, and trappin'
Also blin', on folk aft rappin'.
Of market a' I min' upon,
'To something else maun now move on.

But for my guide my way I'd loss,
We now come to the Market Cross ;
It stood then anent the Town-house,
A stricture baith for show and use.
The head post-office it was made,
The letters took for folk in trade,
The arches o't were boarded ower,
A' but ane left, that was the door.
A man sat in't a' day steady,
Letters to tak' and gie ready.
There wasna mony letters then,
Just a few among tradin' men ;
The cost of postage made them few—
Fourpence each office they came through.
Around the Cross was the Planestanes,
Fishwives came to increase their means,
And daily sat and sell't their fish,
A better place they couldna wish.
There the townsfolk came and bought them,
To the Planestanes came and sought them.

Fishwives wi' their snow-white mutches
Made a picture's finest touches,
Sittin' there sae clean and tidy,
Wi' their creels close by their side aye,
Fu' o' haddock smokit yellow,
Ilk ane better than its fellow—
Rare treat for the breakfast table,
Cheap to buy them, a' was able,
Nae curers then to buy them a'
And send them to the south awa'.

To Marischal Street we steppit ower,
The only road then to the Shore,
Saw Shore Porters at heavy tasks,
Up the street haulin' great big casks
On a laigh buggy wi' four wheels,
Took a' their strength, though gey stout chiels ;
Carryin' great loads the Shore up frae,
By Marischal Street and Hangman's Brae,
Tired ere to the head they got it,
Were stout men, and would hae not it.

Down Marischal Street we took our trips
To see the Harbour and the ships,
Saw them lie 'mong mud and slime,
It being low-water at the time ;
Nae Dockgates to keep them afloat,
Nae water then would sailed a boat.
The Dee then ran down the centre,
'Mong the ships, when first I kent'er ;

Tide came up, set them in motion,
Sailing out into the ocean,
And comin' in richly laden,
Mony ane to bless and gladden.
Maist naething then but sailin' ships,
Took fyles lang time to mak' their trips :
But twa steam boats could then be seen
That did belong to Aberdeen,
They were not big, nor for speed fimed,
“Velocity” and “Brilliant” named.

Employed then in London trade,
Clippers “Fairy” and “Scottish Maid,”
Them twa maist carried a’ the goods,
When win’ blew fair oot o’ the clouds
They werna lang upon the run.
As yet steam trade was nae begun
To ply atween the distant towns,
And gang the length in weekly rouis.
The whale ships, laid up in winter
Till March sun began to blinter.
American ships that sailed for wud,
Were lyin’ up among the muil
As far up as the Poyner-nook,
Where the water of Dee a turn took,
Came then straight down frae the Chain Brig,
Then to run eastward took a tig.

Neist in our inspectin’ tourie
Saw the Canal frae Inverurie,

Was thought a wonder in its day,
Boats came by water a' the way,
Brought grain and farm produce down
Frae Port-Elphinstone to the town,
Here to ship and in granary store.
In Canal Basin near the shore,
The boats were 'livered of their load,
Some kept in town, some sent abroa'l.
Were load again wi' coals and lime,
To load and 'liver took some time ;
Up the Canal wi' horse were towed,
Were nae wi' sails nor oars rowed,
Up through the locks didna come speed,
Some time they took to reach the head.
A swift boat for passenger folks,
But didna come below the locks,
Out to meet her folk did muster
A bit ayont Kittybrewster ;
To Port-Elphinstone got a sail
Back again when she turned her tail,
Nae very high her fares did fix,
Near sixteen miles for one-and-six.
Twa horses, wi' boys on their back,
Did up and down her shortly tak',
The horses ran at a sharp trot,
So that's a' about the Canal boat.

Now we're off up Union Street,
The fast-flyin' mail coach to meet,
That into the town came boundin',
Wi' letters a' the way frae London.

Folk then turned out the coach to see,
Heard her horn at the Brig o' Dee,
The soun' young and auld gart rin
To see the mail come dashin' in ;
Passengers nae aft had many,
On some days she scarce had any.
Her fares were high, past folks' power,
Her inside seats were only four ;
Uncomfortable travellin' then,
Frae the cauld naething to defen'
The outside seats upon the top
Frae bitin' cauld or fiercee rain drop.
At the Royal Hotel she stoppit
And the mail bags frae her droppit,
Wi' them lang time they didna loss,
Were carried quickly to the Cross,
There by the man to be loosed down
And distributed through the town.
Some were to ither towns sent forth,
Sent by mail coaches to the north ;
In town lang they didna tarry,
Then they werena ill to carry.
They were sent north to many a place,
A mail daily ran to Inverness ;
To Fraserburgh and Peterhead
They were dispatched wi' utmost speed,
In bags after sortin' process,
By coaches drawn by four horses.
Sometimes they were a grand display
Upon the King or Queen's birthday ;

Gaurds had on coats of searlet red,
And ribbons braw at each horse head,
And aften blew the bugle horn
In honour of the birthday morn.

Stage coaches in these days were seen
That daily came to Aberdeen,
On a' the turnpike roads did rin,
Parcels and passengers brought in,
In town had business to transact,
Then to their hames they took them back :
But their fares were neeo dear
And nae ava did suit the peir.
Then mony ane came in on fit,
Couldna pay on to coachees sit ;
And then nane but the better class
Could on the road in coachees pass.

Up Union Street we took a turn,
Saw the brig that spans Denburn :
The open burn then ran below,
Upon its banks the grass did grow,
And was of use to many ane
To bleach their claes, was a bleach-green.
But back again we had to turn,
Then little town ayont Denburn :
Out Rubislaw way, few houses there,
Ferryhill was of buildin's bare ;
Dee Village then stood by itsel',
By yards surrounded growin' kail ;

A dull and dreary place was then,
The houses filled by labourin' men.

A marshy howe 'twixt and Torry,
To look across made ane sorry,
The whole howe, 'twas plain to see,
Had ance been covered by the Dee.
Up Commerce Street and Hangman's Brae,
Well tired of travellin' for a day,
The nearest road my guide did ken
Back we got to Mealmarket Lane.
Through streets and lanes, foul and stinkin',
What way folk lived set me a thinkin',
They could endure the nasty smell,
Glad hadn'a to bide there mysel'.
Aberdeen was foul and dirty
In the year of anchteen thirty,
Soon to leav 't my stars was thankin',
The horses yoked, came home spankin'.
And Aberdeen, thought little o 't,
At least the parts that I was show't.
So ends the past of Aberdeen,
The things in it that I had seen.

To Aberdeen now come to dwell,
Its present state I'll try to tell.
So then I'll speak as in my list,
Put things as in my visit first,
Ca' clean wi' me as I go on :
The first thing is new Brig o' Don,

A great advantage to the town,
Instead of by the auld brig roun',
Awkward road, steep braes to climb,
In danger baith of life and limb ;
Now a nice wide an' level road
On which a horse can tak' a load,
Along the brig of five arches
Out and in the traffie marches.
A' out the road upon baith sides
Buildin' is makin' rapid strides ;
Maist closely built in a' the way,
New houses buildin' every day.
On that road many things are new,
Of them I mention shall a few :
A Barracks built, for the sodgers
There in trainin' time are lodgers,
Aberdeenshire militiamen,
Keep 't for war time a han' to len'.
After this the Cattle Market,
That wi' high dykes in is parket,
On Wednesdays a market held
Of cattle in frae byre and field ;
On Saturdays are weekly cattle sales,
That's brought to town by road and rails.
The Poorhouse neist, a buildin' large,
The pauper bodies tak's in charge ;
Big as it is it's aye well filled,
To help the Poor Law has it willed ;
Aberdeen folk are rated weel
To pay meat, claes, and doctors' skeel.

A block of buildin's new complete
The ither side of Nelson Street.
In the bed of the auld Canal
(A far mair useful boon to all),
The Railway through aneath the road
Runs wi' many a'heavy load.

A big School on the ither side,
Youths in the ways of learning guide,
A pretty house, and garden ground
In front and back doth it surround.
A new street aside it makin',
To the Links a short cut takin',
Will be'a fine place of abode,
It's to be named the Urquhart Road.
Then Roslin and Jasmine Terrace
On that side a gweed bit carries ;
A large woodyard and a sawmill,
What once was gardens now doth fill.
Yards where stones are cut and polished,
Hath mair garden ground abolished ;
Twa large stone works carried on
To cut, to carve, and polish stone.

Then comes on to Mealmarket Lane,
A name now folk hardly ken,
A gran'er state of things to meet,
'Tis now named Mealmarket Street ;
Of its meal market now strip't bare,
Numbered among the things that were,

And in the place where it was held
They now up thrashing mills do build ;
A place it's now of steam and fire,
And things they do mak' out of wire ;
Where once was heard the meal wives' clamour,
Now is heard the blacksmith's hammer,
Anvil's din, and bellows blawin',
Into useful things iron thrawin'.
And in the street, a bit farer down,
A sharp corner is made roun',
Now there is built a Mission Hall,
Where is made known the gospel call.
The North Kirk now of claes is bare,
Clean sweep't awa' is the Rag Fair
The bonny kirk did ance disgrae,
Aye when she had on her weekly dress.
Friday aye was ane o' the days
That she had on her ragged claes ;
Now stan's a credit to the town,
Tells a' the folk that live aroun'
The time o' night and time o' day,
Of the wind blawin' points the way.

The Poultry Market's now awa'
And in its place a buildin' braw,
Where sodgers learn to use their lim's,
And in gymnastics jump and clim's ;
A pretty door that opens wide,
A roomy biggin' is inside,
Lots o' tradesmen had a wark at—
Looks better than the auld market.

A New Market folks' wants to meet
Is now built off Union Street ;
Part o't in what is called the Green,
A market place in Aberdeen,
Till the New Market took its place,
Part of it yet, but now made less.
New Market is a nice buildin',
To the town great use is yieldin' ;
Buyers and sellers comfort hae,
Especially on a rainy day,
With a gweed reef it's covered in,
Selates and spouts to mak' water rin,
Nae wet their claes and spoil their goods
When rain is pourin' frae the cloods.
Its lower basement a stone fleer,
Things for sale are caller here ;
When the weather's hot and sultry
Does fine wi' the fish and poultry :
Game plenty aye is to be foun',
Keeps best upon the caller groun'.

After seein' a' what's below,
A braid stane stair then up maun go.
Right in front a pretty fountain,
The water up in air mountin',
Down in pretty cistern fa's,
Vegetables cools, reets and shaws,
Keeps a'thing cool and caller lookin'
When in cistern gets a dookin'—
A' made of nicely polished steen,
Near Peterhead has quarried been.

Now up the visitor then lands
On the floor where the fountain stands.
At any end you may enter,
Twa double lines up the centre
Of tables, to lay out the things
The seller to the market brings.
At the end neist where the fountain stan's
Are fruits frae this and ither lan's,
Brought here frae places where they grow,
Put temptin' up, a pretty show,
Each kin' when comes their season roun',
A' placed on tables slopin' down.
At the end next Market Street
Mair useful things are got to eat :
Country wives wi' eggs and butter,
Each a seat, nane out can put her—
A show a' the rest surpasses,
Sonsy wives and bonny lasses—
Bright the golden butter shinin',
Snow-white towels baskets linin',
They weekly on the Fridays come.
Some of them a long way frae home.

A' up and down upon each side,
Market gardeners' stores displayed
Of onions, carrots, leeks, and kail,
Potatoes, neeps, they hae for sale.
In their season fruits and flowers
Grown by sunshine and showers,
A pretty show mak's of the place
When with flowers their stands they dress.

The butchers' stalls aroun' the wa'
Are ranged a' in a single raw,
Beef and mutton, a rich display,
Is to be seen there every day.
So that does complete the first floor :
Now to the gallery tak' a tour,
Up in them folk can always find
Great store of goods of every kind :
Here a' trades are represented
In sma' shops that's yearly rented.
Up the gallery stairs at the top
A book and stationery shop,
A great glass front that does extend
The whole New Market's eastern end ;
Well stored wi' books of many kinds.
The student and the scholar finds
Helps here for their onward career
In learning, they can aye find here.

Now turning up aroun' the south side
Opens a prospect far and wide,
A pretty row of shops appears,
And each its tenant's name it bears,
Fitted up with door and windows,
Open aye but on the Sundays.
Round the whole buildin' they extend,
A gweed lang gang to reach the end,
Though it appear droll and funny,
Maist a'thing here is got for money.

Such is the New Market buildin',
The town convenience yieldin',

Maist a'thing that the people need
Can be got there baith cheap and gweed.
A row of shops baith trim and neat
With fronts look out to Hadden Street,
In the basement floor was rigget
Years lang after it was bigget.

Now I maun notice Market Street,
Made the town's growin' wants to meet,
A pretty street and braw and wide,
Buildin's gran' upon each side,
A better access to the Shore
Than the town e'er had before,
A better road the Harbour frae
Than Marischal Street and Hangman's Brae.
A thoronghfare right through the town
Frae Broadford a' the way comes down
To the new brig across the Dee,
A useful street it thus will be.
Some ugly arches at its head
Now away does it some gweed ;
If they would tak' down the ither—
Share the fate of its twin brither—
Nae awkward arches stinin' there,
With best of streets it might compare.
Gable now of National Bank,
A buildin' of the foremost rank,
Now of the arches tak's the place,
Puts on the street a better face ;
Nae hamper now at turnin' oun'
When Market Street intendin' down,

Folk now on with freedom marches,
Nae stop now with narrow arches,
Nae gweed of them or their fellows
But at times for umbrellas,
They might hae kept off the shower
When rain caine wi' a sudden pour :
And then up the street was blockit,
Nae move on, was fairly chokit.

Nice shops and buildin's down the street,
Now gaps built up and a' complete.
Near at its foot a buildin 's famed,
Douglas Hotel has been named,
Has held its own in spite of fate ;
And new hotels that 's built of late.
Thought that they a' the trade would tak',
Customers that went soon came back.
None of them a' can yet compete
With the hotel in Market Street,
Famed for its liquors, teas, and coffees,
And handy too for the Post-Office,
Where Fish Market was held before,
Now stands to the hotel next door,
Is a great boon to business men,
And mak's them aye come baek again.
Best criterion of its use,
It 's aye a well frequented house,
Obliging landlord, kens his trade,
Was fully to the business bred—
That ither landlords do not hae,
Some ither business new come fae—

Also his obligin' lady,
Aye to give attendance ready,
To business baith hae serv'd their time,
Mak's house to be conducted prime.
The Lords that roun' on Circuit come,
Douglas Hotel mak' aye their home
The time that they stop in the town,
With honours Market Street led down
Back frae Court-house, where they have been
At Circuit Court of Aberdeen.

Post-Office next in order comes,
A house with windows, doors, and lums.
Would have been a pretty biggin'
Higher up had been the riggin',
Mony ane looks on it sorry
It has nae anither story,
Mak's row of buildin's nae complete,
Spoils the appearance of the street.
Though outside it has little show,
A' on account of being low,
Inside it is a spacious house,
And nicely fitted up for use.
For room now they are at nae loss—
What a contrast to the auld Cross
That ance transacted a' the trade
At that time was in letters made.
Better now and mair complete
Than former place at top of street,
Folk had to gang a' here and there,
Sometimes down, sometimes up a stair.

But here a' business that folk hae
Without the counter goin' frae :
At one end postage stamps are sell't
And letters weighed, their postage tell't,
To a' parts of the world send them,
Frae extra postage defend them.
In the middle money orders
To the kingdom's utmost borders ;
Money can be got or off sent
If parties' proper names be kent.
At the ither end the telegraph
Messages far and near sends aff,
And answers back come in nae time,
Thoughmessace sent to foreign clime.
A lot of men it now employs,
And telegraphic message boys.
Numbers of clerks at work inside,
And sorters, letters to divide,
Send each to its destination,
In mail bags sent to the station,
By railway to be sent flyin'
On to places distant lyin'.
Letters to in town deliver
Need some active men and clever,
Each day go three times through the town.
Each of them has his stated roun'.

Harbour now—what alteration !
Bed of Dee a railway station ;
The Dee awa' frae doin' harm
Is now sent ower to Torry Farm,

Is the third course I've seen her in
Since the first time I saw her rin.
The harbour now of water full,
A ship can sail or boat can pull,
Nae mair left lyin' in the mud,
Tide kept in, now aye high flood.
Dock-gates been a costly matter,
Open only at high water ;
To let ships out as well as in,
Shut when tide begins out to rin.
Lots of steamers, now to be seen
In scores, belong to Aberdeen.

Steam now to London twice a week,
Thirty-six hours the time they seek
For the voyage to London town,
And in same time frae that come down.
Quick they run, they do not tarry,
Goods and passengers they carry,
Hae a gweed trade, they mak' the notes—
The Aberdeen and London boats.
Twa steamboats, passengers, goods full,
Sail for Newcastle and for Hull,
Just once a week they mak' the trip,
Far quicker than a sailin' ship.
Twa steamers weekly trade between
Dundee, Liverpool, Aberdeen,
American goods to this brings,
Bales cotton, wool, and ither things ;
Frae Liverpool, the nearest port,
Things can be gotten of that sort.

Passengers they also carry,
Folk in either place that tarry.
Steamboats frae Leith to places north—
'Twixt Orkneys and the Firth of Forth,
The Shetland Isles and ports between—
In passin' call at Aberdeen,
But long here they do not tarry ;
Goods, passengers, and mails they carry,
Lots of cattle bring frae the north
(The Shetland anes, but little worth).

Lots of steamers coals are drivin',
Daily sailin' and arrivin' ;
Steamboats here scarce ever seen,
Numbers belong to Aberdeen,
Are tradin' far to foreign climes,
Come only here at antrin times.
The sailin' ships are gettin' less,
Steamboats now comin' in their place.
Naething now but steamers buildin',
Quick return to owners yieldin',
Maist a' of iron bigget now,
Supply of wood is gettin' through.
A few large ships yet sail frac here
In early spring time of the year
To North America for wood,
Twa voyages mak' when weather's good.
Sma' crafts, maist of them rotten ships,
Can hardly bide to mak' their trips
'Twixt this and Sunderland for coal—
It's here a crask and there a hole ;

If they do carry on for lang
Maist a' will to the bottom gang,
If men's lives were but well secured,
'Twould be nae loss, they 're well insured.

So much for ships with steam and sails,
Now for traffic upon the rails.
Railways in a' directions rin,
Some going out, some coming in,
Baith goods and passengers they bring,
The mails, and many ither thing.
Improvement great on coachin' days,
Keeps folk dry, does not spoil their claes,
Tak's on folk quiek frae place to place,
Thinks naething now of time and space :
Tak's out aft coals, lime, and manure,
Great loads they drive by steam power,
Brings in grain, stones, trees, for coal props,
Rins night and day, maist never stops.
Lines run south, west, and to the north,
A' where the trade is the trouble worth.

Comin' back to Union Street
Where King and Castle Street baith meet,
And lookin' down that thoroughfare,
Extends in length a mile and mair,
A pretty street and very wide,
With handsome buildin's on each side ;
It safely can a challenge gie
To a' towns in the kingdoms three,

Can nae produce a street so grand,
Of granite built, to ages stand.
First is the North of Scotland Bank,
With best of buildin's it can rank,
Ornaments the King Street corner,
Our good city doth adorn 'er.
Next the Town and County Buildin',
To the town is grandeur yieldin',
A pretty house, cost lots of cash,
Far and near it casts a dash ;
Its spire is seen through a' the town
And far into the country roun' ;
A handsome clock up in the tower
Proclaims to a' the passin' hour,
Strikin' baith the hour and quarter,
Tells folk their time 's gettin' shorter ;
By day sees the hours as they pass,
At night it 's lighted up with gas ;
Inside town's business transacket,
All into one house now packet ;
To them a' it affords a beild,
Circuit and Sheriff Courts are held,
Police Courts and Council meetings,
Sharp punishments for wife beatings,
For thefts, assaults, and ither crimes.
Here are awarded often times.
Police, water, and other taxes,
And gas accounts (poor folk mak's us),
Must a' be punctual paid in here,
And a' must come, baith rich and pair.

And mair things done I do not ken,
By lawyers and by legal men
That chambers have within the hoose—
So near the courts they are of use.
Round at the back are prisons strong
For them that do their neighbours wrong,
Being there confined for what they do,
Make them their evil lives renew.

Then down the street what pretty shops,
Maist a' four storeys to their tops,
Banks and other business places,
A' built up, nae empty spaces.
Come now to top of Market Street,
Here with our noble Queen we meet,
A statue worthy of the town
Stands there, and Market Street looks down,
White marble, a pretty figure,
A life-size or somewhat bigger—
Peterhead granite set upon,
A pretty carved and polished stone.
To East and West Kirks now move on,
Both pretty structures built of stone,
And reared on them a pretty spire,
Replacing one burnt down by fire.
A graveyard laid out trim and neat,
Nice fence and gateway to the street ;
Inside silent dead reposes,
Where life's seenes forever closes ;
Wrapt in death's slumbers, peaceful lie
Till the last trumpet sounds on high.

Passin' on to Union Brig,
Sees Pleasure Gardens neat and trig
Where open Denburn once did rin,
Now covered up, now closed in.
The Wooded Bank of stunted trees
A prospect made the eye to please,
Flower plots and grasses sown down ;
Visitors who come into town,
When coming in with the north trains
See one of the town's ugly stains
Forever now removed awa',
And in its place a garden braw.
At the west end of Union Brig
A statue sits, nae worth a fig,
Of the late husband of our Queen,
'Tis a disgrace to Aberdeen ;
The good Prince deserved a better,
Town should try and mend the matter,
Could bettered be by painter's art,
With lively colours be made smart.
The pretty base it sits upon
Looks better made of polished stone ;
When a' looks well about the place
It just is simply a disgrace,
With Palace Buildin's ower the way
It should be made to look mair gay.

Palace Buildin's, a pretty house,
Lately built here for show and use,
Fills up what was an ugly nook,
That frac the brig its grandeur took.

Here maist of human wants supplied,
And cauld and hunger baith defied—
Pratt & Keith supply the clothin',
Lorimer (pretty shops they 're both in)
A dealer is in boots and shoes ;
Shop hair to dress and get the news ;
And shop sells machines for sewin',
Where in each a fair trade doin',
Fill up and mak' the floor complete
That 's on the level with the street.
Then up above a grand hotel,
Where passin' travellers often dwell,
Come on business to the city,
That they 're few the mair 's the pity ;
And fam'lies passin' through the town
Find handy here to settle down,
Whole suits of rooms they can have here,
Great comfort too, and not ower dear.
Most airy place in a' the town,
And open view of prospect roun',
See folks up the streets come trippin',
See the Harbour and the shippin' ;
Near Post-Office and the Station,
Where to all parts of the nation
They can take train, or news get frae,
Delivered here three times a-day.
A spacious entrance, trim and neat,
Leads up stairs frae Union Street—
Better hotel, produce who can ?
And is kept here by Charles Mann.

About Bridge Street must say a word,
An easy access does afford
Down to the Harbour and the Shore,
Improvement great since days of yore,
Now a great accommodation
Leads traffic down to Railway Station.
Across frae the Palace Hotel
Is a braw house where lodgers dwell,
That looks well, it 's nice and tidy,
And a new house will soon be ready.
With the hotel and new houses twa,
Bridge Street will now be gay and braw.

In Union Street further on
Are houses nice of granite stone,
But them we cannot notice all,
Must here speak of the Music Hall.
Is a large and roomy buildin',
Though but sma' revenue yieldin'
To the company that built it,
Payin' job they have not felt it.
Sometimes a kirk, next a theatre,
Let to a' playactin' creature ;
Sometimes a ballroom or bazaar,
Where folk gamblin' for prizes are,
With concerts and sometimes singin',
Anything a penny bringin' ;
To owners but a poor concern,
As to their cost they now can learn.

Twa kirks next claim our attention,
And must here of them make mention—

Free Gilcomston and Free West,
Both spires tower above the rest,
At gable ends up been riggit,
Dark and dull, of freestone biggit.
Now come on to Union Place,
The width of street is here made less.
Next come on twa seats of knowledge,
Holburn Kirk and Free Kirk College,
Then pretty seats of gentlemen
Extend as far as Rubislaw Den,
Complete route in that direction.
Back for Castle Street inspection,
First comes a statue recordin'
Memory of last Duke of Gordon ;
And further up stands the auld Cross,
If taen awa' would be a loss
To the town's spacious Market Square ;
Upon twa sites it 's lang been there,
A very ancient arched structure,
A' carved roun' with many picture
Of our good, true, auld Scottish kings.
Upon it many ither things
That bring to mind the days of yore,
That were our fathers' days before ;
They 're lasting as the granite stone,
And will be there when we are gone.

Now lookin' roun' the roomy Square
Some ancient buildin's we see there,
Seen generations pass away,
Have seen some strange things in their day.—

Seen kings and queens come, pass, and go,
Seen nations rise and overthrow.

A pretty Square would grace the town
If some old buildin's were taen down,
Stan's a disgrace to Aberdeen,
Prevents the Barracks being seen,
Government should cause be thrown down ;
Buildin's to ornament the town,
Barrack buildin's, should stand there,
A pretty front to head the Square,
Correspondin' with buildin's rounn',
Make the Square worthy of the town ;
A pretty sight the eye would meet
When folks come up Union Street.

Aye on the Fridays in the Square
Is held what may be ca'd Rag Fair,
With lots of claes, baith auld and new,
Weekly there exposed to view,
And many lots of useful things
That brokers to the market brings,
Cart loads of tatties, cauff, and strae,
Come there on every market day.
Timmer Market held every year,
Brings to the town lots of wooden gear,
And also brings a large turnout
Of children's toys and garden fruit.
For feeing markets a fine place,
The town's confusion would mak' less,

And nae block up the busy streets,
When farmers and the servants meets
On Fridays aye afore the term :
To shift the day would do nae harm,
And hold the markets in the Square
When nae carts, stands, nor brokers there.

Aberdeen now, what a contrast
Compared with what 'twas in the past.
As I can mind, now fifty years,
In every street a change appears,
Auld buildin's daily takin' down,
New ones to ornament the town
Are growin' up maist everywhere.
A stranger would mak' gape and stare
If he had been some years awa',
So different frae what then he saw.
Out ower the way of Ferryhill
The ground is there of houses full.
Some pretty streets are now laid down,
Formin' a new pretty town ;
What formerly was nursery grounds,
Is now within the city bounds.

To meet the city's growin' need,
A nice Cemetery for the dead,
A pretty place beside the Dee,
Flowers and many a pretty tree ;
Nice gravelled walks and plots of grass
Tak' folk's attention as they pass ;

Its beauties I can hardly tell,
A pretty place is Allenvale.
Out way of Cults on Deeside Road,
Is many a braw place of abode ;
New streets are to be seen makin',
And folk aye mair feus are takin',
On them pretty houeses biggin',
Granite wa's and scelated riggin'.
The present state of Aberdeen
To folk now livin' can be seen.
I need not say more about it,
That I 've done right I sair doubt it,
By far mair learnin' I would need—
But tak' the will just for the deed.

The future now of Aberdeen,
As by the past and present seen,
I will mak' an attempt to tell,
But for nae prophet set mysel',
And judgin' frae what I see now.
Can see what Aberdeen will grow.
Then first the boundaries of the town,
As what I think I will note down.
The course of Dee will yet be shifted,
To Nigg Bay it will be lifted,
The southern bound'ry there will be ;
And up the then straight course of Dee,
Up the Dee with a flowin' tide,
And past the Cults as far's Belldside,
Then off the country tak' a slice
And met the Don at Brig of Dyee.

Thus form the boundary to the west ;
Include Blackburn, Dyce, and the rest,
Villages that on the west side lie,
Bound to Aberdeen firmly tie ;
Then down the Don into the sea
Will then the northern bound'ry be ;
Then in the sea shore a' the way,
Meet river Dee in the Nigg Bay,
Eastern boundary of the town mak',
And bind it solid and compact.

The Hill of Torry built upon,
And streets well paved with granite stone,
A good foundation for a town,
So high nae water it will drown.
Nice houses, high, with many storey,
Will soon be on the Hill of Torry,
Down frae the Chain Brig to the sea
A pretty town there soon will be ;
Be joined to town of Aberdeen,
With spacious harbour in between,
Full of shippin' berths, quays, and docks,
The tide kept in by means of locks,
Loadin' and 'liverin' to perform,
And sheltered well frae wind and storm.
Frae Point Law to the Chain Brig
Soon many wharfs and piers they 'll big ;
Frae Regent Quay to Torry Farm
Whole space they will a harbour term,
Can nae be matched in kingdoms three,
Nor yet in ports ayont the sea.

Between the quays and rows of piers
Great warehouses built up in tiers
Of stories high above each ither,
Goods stored there keep frae the weather.
With road right through frae side to side,
By new brig across Dee, here wide,
Needs some arches ower to carry,
Better far than auld boat ferry.

Straight road to baith sides of the town,
Frae Nigg Bay Torryhill comes down,
Leads through the town right on to Dyce,
By rail, tramway, and 'busses nice ;
Frae the south boundary to the north
That way a few years will bring forth,
Steam tramways will be then run on
Frae Bay of Nigg to Brig of Don ;
Frae Fittie and the Harbour mou'
To Woodside and Dyce run through ;
Run to Cults and the Brig of Dee,
Some young folks livin' yet will see.

Frae Queen's Cross out past Rubislaw Den
As far 's town's boundary doth exten',
Double line out Union Street
Till it the ither branches meet ;
Will a' in time be double rails,
The cars in rows at ither's tails,
Time nae blocked in passin' ither,
In and out go on together.

Frae warehouses on the Inches,
Will in time be railway branches,

And frae pier, wharf, quay, and jetty,
Drive folk and goods through the city ;
To town's distant corners flyin',
With goods in the Harbour lyin'
That steamers bring frae distant parts,
Would be too great for horse and carts.
In the town will new streets be made,
Be better for increasin' trade,
Auld ugly houses be pulled down,
Stand a disgrace to any town ;
In their room built business places,
To the streets hae better faces,
Make Aberdeen a pretty town
That will beat a' the cities roun'.

The best street that 's in the city
Has a blot, which is a pity--
The narrow brig across Denburn,
That mony ane mak's look and mourn,
To see such a nice pretty street,
Where coaches tremble when they meet.
Street's awkward grip in the middle,
Looks like waist of a bass fiddle,
Appearance bad in a dark night,
When rows of lamps are a' in light.
That will in time be rectified,
Brig will be made the street as wide ;
When pavement on each side complete,
Town may brag of Union Street.

Of Aberdeen, I 've tried to tell
About it what I ken mysel' :

Of its past since first I kent it,
And now in my book I 'll print it.
Its present, what I ken about,
Which is but little, I sair doubt,
It a mair learn'd man would need
To tell about it, ill and gweed.
I little ken about its College,
And its other seats of knowledge ;
Town's institutions for the poor,
And places where diseases cure ;
And many a public buildin'
Is to the town great good yieldin'.

Had I been rich I would hae seen
Public buildin's in Aberdeen—
I'd been invited in to see ;
But a poor workin' man, like me,
To see what does the town adorn,
Those in power would treat with scorn,
Were I to ask in to see them,
That I a bit rhyme might gie them.
If I inside them could look,
I might describe them in my book,
Send it out, let people see 't,
But I 'd pollute them with my feet.
So them a' I maun just let be
Till I get cash, then them I 'll see ;
Prophet nae honour has at hame,
Frac hame a bit he gathers fame.
I 've been invited out by lords,
To see a' that their place affords,

Through a' their house and grounds I 've seen
 Nae proud, like folk of Aberdeen.

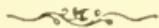
The future of the town to tell
 Would maist need some prophetic spell,
 To rightly tell what it may grow,
 As it does lapse of time pass through ;
 But judgin' by the change I see,
 May hae some guess what it will be.
 So wishin' a'thing for its gweed,
 Its people work and daily bread,
 A city be of granite stone
 Lang after I am dead and gone.



A PLAN TO ASSIST THE SHAREHOLDERS OF THE GLASGOW CITY BANK.

To assist those that look blank
 Upon the downfa' of the Bank,
 On a plan I hae been thinkin' :
 Let folk one week stop drinkin'
 And gie them what they gie for drink,
 Wouldna let them in ruin sink.
 I'm sure if it were rightly kent
 What a large sum on drink is spent,
 A sum would go far in this case
 The poor shareholders to redress.
 Ruined by the Glasgow City Bank
 They would their helpers ever thank ;

Mair thanks they would get for so doin'
 Than for givin' t' to their own ruin.
 If a week they 'd only stop it
 Might be led to think and drop it,
 By seein' what a sum they'd hae
 If the cursed drink they would keep fae.
 My friends, tak' my advice and try,
 Ye many tearfu' een would dry,
 And ye would soon increase your wealth,
 And mair than that preserve your health ;
 That happy state o' things comes roun'
 Ye'll bless the Bank for comin' down.



ON THE NEW TEMPERANCE HALL AT TARLAND.

YE folk of Tarland happy be,
 Hearty thanks to your landlord gie,
 And the Countess, his good lady,
 Who for your good is ever ready
 To help and to assist you ;
 In the temperance ranks enlist you,
 Keep you frae the accursed drink,
 And snatch you frae perdition's brink—
 We hae a sure warnin' given
 No drunkard e'er will enter heaven.
 What a happy world this would be
 If of the drinkin' customs free ;

O, what sad sights are daily seen
In this city of Aberdeen—
Men and women ever reelin'
Along the streets, nae shame feelin',
To get mair drink ever schemin',
And their Maker's name blasphemin'.
It is awfu' like to hear them,
Mair so when the young are near them ;
What an example to their bairns,
What auld folk do the young ones learns
And carefully their families train
For place of everlasting pain.

The public-houses are the cause,
Break heaven's sacred holy laws :
What temptation is for folk set—
At every door they drink can get ;
If public-houses were restricted,
Mair temperance hotels erected,
With healthful amusement inside,
Tea and coffee in them provide,
Folk might be induced to gang,
Keep a spare hour frae seemin' lang.
What a pleasant sight it would be
The workin' man to nightly see
The publics shun, the temperance choose
To refresh and himself amuse.
Comin' hame refreshed and wiser,
Mornin' finds a healthful riser
Fitted to fulfil his duty,
Now of temperance sees the beauty ;

Blessin' them that did invent them,
Or to assist their help lent them.

What a pity our lawgivers
Allow drink to run like rivers
Through the length and breadth of the land,
To stop the flood should give command ;
Revenue frae ither sources
Than frae drink and public-houses
Might be devised and carried out,
Would not such evils bring about ;
Government in sin is steepit,
Needs such evils up to keep it.
Far less taxes would be required
If folks' minds wi' drink were not fired ;
Leads them into horrid, awful crimes,
Street brawls, and murders often times.
By drink, peace, and order oft destroyed,
For which police must be employed
Effects of drink to try and stay ;
Taxes must be a' them to pay.
Drink fills our hospitals and jails,
Poorhouses maist rin over whiles,
And madhouses for the insane,
A' by taxes we must maintain.
Were the drink trade removed awa'
We would be rid maist o' them a',
Then peace and order be enjoyed
And tradesmen better be employ'd ;
Merchants far mair trade would hae
If folk the drink were keepit fae ;

Mair cash the folk would hae to buy
Goods that the workin' men supply,
And thus create a brisk demand,
Would work supply to many a hand,
And save as well great lots o' grain
Is on our food supply a drain,
Between distillin' and the brewin'
Helps to work the nation's ruin.
Just only let folk pause and think
What cash is yearly paid for drink—
One hundred and fifty million,
Mair than Bank of England's bullion.

Drink is, I'm sure, the nation's curse,
Of a' crimes and evils it's the nurse ;
Auld Clootie says, " Let be the drink,
It's earth and hell's connectin' link."
If the drink had its freedom given
But unco few would get to heaven,
It leads the folk frae gweed awa',
And in the end's the loss of a'.
Ye Tarland folk, just think on this
If ye wish to inherit bliss ;
Stop the drink, become teetotal,
Patronize the temperance hotel,
Then daily will your thanks be gien
To Lord and Lady Aberdeen.



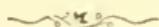
A THANKSGIVING FOR THE LATE ABUNDANT HARVEST OF 1878.

YE folk in country and in toun
Be thankful when the hairst comes roun',
When the crop's secured in plenty,
Man and beast to feed on dainty ;
To kind Providence thankful feel,
That thus with food supplies us weel ;
The earth its fruits will not afford
Unless it's bless'd by Nature's Lord ;
A man may sow and do his best,
A fruitful season does the rest.
Men may plant and the seeds sow,
A single plant they can't make grow,
And all their work is spent in vain
Without sunshine and showers of rain ;
Were these withheld from dry parch'd earth,
Of meat supply would soon be dearth.
Without spring's reviving wonders,
Man and beast would die by hunders ;
With balmy summer's rip'ning powers,
And its soft and genial showers,
Autumn finds us with food in store,
For which we should our God adore ;
From whose hand all our blessings flow,
To Him our gratitude should show,
And thanks and praise give to His name,
Who thus sustains our body's frame.

Some folk there be that I hae kent,
If ane to see their farmin' went,
Wi' pride tak' credit to themsel',
About their beasts and craps would tell,
As if their great skill in fairmin'
Did this state of things determine ;
Gainin' a successful battle,
Raisin' crops and rearin' cattle,
By their own management done it,
Never own't a blessing on it.
To them I'd say, tak' time and view 't,
Without a blessing could you do 't ?
Ah ! helpless man, it 's past your power
To bring to earth a single shower ;
Did not the clouds down moisture drop,
A' your fine doin's soon would stop.
Would soon be taught in Nature's school— .
Without kind providence to rule,
What could man poor and helpless do,
A single blade could nae make grow ;
With a' your vain and empty boast,
Your toil and labour would be lost.

Were not to earth a blessing given,
Nae sunshine nor rain from heaven,
A dry parch'd land this soon would be,
We a great famine soon would see ;
Nae food for man nor yet for beast,
But on east wind would hae to feast.
Let us the God of Nature praise,
Who by His power our crops doth raise,

By which we do our cattle rear.
 With grateful hearts let us draw near,
 And own the power to which we owe
 Corn for man, grass for beasts to grow.
 For these blessed gifts of heaven,
 Let our daily thanks be given ;
 To Him by whose goodness we live,
 Let us eternal praises give.



A VISIT TO KEITH-HALL, SEAT OF THE EARL OF KINTORE.

THE year of aughteen seventy-eight
 Of time's fast ever onward flight,
 In August month, the hindmost day,
 For Inverurie took my way.
 By invitation kindly sent,
 Out to Keith-hall I duly went,
 The seat of the Earl of Kintore,
 I never had been there before.
 At the station was at a loss
 To ken where I the line should cross,
 And find a road to tak' me down
 Right to the place where I was boun',
 Thought I'd hae an unco bother,
 Nae kennin ae road by another ;
 But as I the road was speirin'
 A man chanced to be in hearin',

Who there asked some questions at me,
That a' to rights shortly set me—
If frae Aberdeen train came with ?
And also, if my name was Smith ?
If I on to Keith-hall was boun' ?
As he was sent to tak' me down,
By the Earl sent to guide me there,
And gave me cash to pay my fare—
First class fare he made me tak',
None of the siller he 'd hae back.

Took me a footpath through the woods,
So close we scarce could see the clouds,
A gravelled walk, right nice and trig,
Across the Ury by a brig ;
Was made of wood, I 'm maistly sure,
Well dressed, and painted white and pure.
Ury was that day in a spate,
Owerflowin' banks with rains of late.
Amongst majestic trees we came
That here surround the Earl's hame,
A grand old mansion through the trees
On a slight risin' groun' I sees.
I was awe struck at the gran' sight,
To enter it I maist took fright,
But keepin' close ahin' my guide,
Ere I weel kent I was inside
And handed to the butler's care ;
While round I did with wonder stare,
Astonished to such grandeur see,
There a'thing new and strange to me.

Stumpin' ben, bitin' at my thoom,
I soon was in his Lordship's room,
Where I stood and stared with wonder,
Books aroun' me by the hunder.
His Lordship, soon as he saw me,
Kindly by my name did ca' me,
A hearty welcome to me give,
I will mind on as lang's I live.
A nice gentleman, free of pride,
He would walk with me side by side ;
What a contrast to some that be,
That woudl not look nor speak to me,
Think not of the same stuff made,
And wish to be of me well rid.

His Lordship wished me to take meat,
And kindly said a lunch I'd eat ;
Having lately had my dinner,
Did with thanks decline the honour.
His Lordship said, " If that ease be,
You'll take a more substantial tea."
Then asked me to with him go out
And see the grounds a' roun' about.
A straight course we then did make
Down through the flowers to see the lake :
I was bewildered with the scene,
I glowered around with dazzled een ;
The walks and flower beds so grand,
I thought I was in Fairyland,
A'thing in such perfect order,
Such nice walks and flower border ;

The lawn between them closely shaved,
And at the foot the water laved
Of a nice, clear, freshwater lake,
That did a charmin' picture make.
Down by its side, on rustic seat,
A while to rest and ease our feet
We sat and cracket like pen-guns ;
About the dukes and pretty swans
Were sailin' on the pretty lake ;
A pleasure boat, a sail to take,
Oft on the bonny lake was rowed,
Was there in a nice boathouse stowed.

When we had seen a' that was there,
Back to the mansion did repair,
Where the gardener he was ready
(A nice, decent man, and steady),
To guide me through the pretty grounds,
That hae cost some scores of pounds
To put them all in such order,
Every bonny walk and border.
We passed the ancient Druid stone,
With figures cut its sides upon,
A monument of ages past,
For ages yet to come will last,
Placed in the centre of a mound,
With a deep moat encirclin' round.
Nae doubt a castle had there stood
Sometime between this and the flood,
In warlike times of feuds and strife,
When might was right, war to the knife

Was the then order of the day,
To live unscathed, black mail must pay.
We stood and looked upon the scene,
And mused on what might there hae been.
Nae doubt but there are some records
Been keepit by its ancient lords—
I'd like well if I could see them,
And be made acquainted wi' them.

To modern things we now did pass,
And saw the houses roofed with glass
To rear up fine fruits and flowers,
Would not stand the winter showers,
But heated up baith night and day
Make climate same as they came frae.
Saw oranges grow on their trees,
A sweet perfume gave to the breeze ;
Peaches hung, maist ripe and ready,
Like to the cheeks of pretty lady ;
Vines, with grapes in clusters hingin',
Makes the wine sets folk a singin',
Makes light and glad the hearts of men—
Auld Noah it made drunk we ken—
And many other rare kinds of fruit
That's nae just common here about,
Natives of soine far warmer clime,
Some ripe, others in course of time.
Rare flowers in rich profusion,
A' regular ranged without confusion
A magnificent sight to see,
Especially to the like of me

That's not oft seein' such display,
The like to see I never may.
The vegetable gardens neist
Was to my eyes a splendid feast,
Nice onions, carrots, neeps, and kail,
And things their names I cannot tell.

In terraces the gardens lie,
A fine effect to please the eye,
A flight of steps up ascendin',
Frae the one to other tendin'.
The gravelled walks so nice and clean,
Nae weeds unsightly to be seen,
But a' are clean and keepit weel,
Tell of the gardener's care and skeel.
Outside the gardens roun' about,
With taste some plots right nice laid out,
Full of things that's often wanted ;
Others some with trees are planted
Frale countries far ayont the seas,
And planted here the eyes to please,
Frale California, France, and Spain,
India, China, and Japan,
Frale Australia and Peru,
And other countries nae that few.

And next I saw the gardener's prizes,
Drinkin' cups, a' shapes and sizes,
Salvers, teakettles, and teapots,
That had cost a lot of notes,

And their value not be over-rated—
Silver and with silver plated—
A credit to his pains and skill,
And worthy well the place to fill ;
Fruits and flowers bringin' to a state
That but few can with him compete.

When we surveyed had a'thing roun',
We to the mansion next went down,
Where was a good substantial tea
In the library waitin' me.
It was good, and I was hungry,
So to see't I was not angry ;
I did full justice to the same,
And then set out to try for hame.

His Lordship was there to meet me,
Did with utmost kindness treat me.
I never will forget the day,
Nor yet the very handsome way
I was received by Lord Kintore,
Though I should live for evermore.
The gardener then got new commands,
After good-by and shakin' hands,
To convey me to the station,
For hame see me set in motion.
So many thanks to Lord Kintore,
Never had such a treat before,
Not better been, nae lee I 'll tell,
Though I 'd a lord been like himself'.

A LAMENT FOR THE GRAND DUCHESS
OF HESSE-DARMSTADT
(OUR PRINCESS ALICE).

YE people of every station,
Lament all the British nation,
Lay aside envy and malice,
Lament for the Princess Alice ;
Beloved by all right-thinking minds,
And many eyes the salt tear blinds—
For the good and gentle lady,
In kind deeds was ever ready.

O, cruel death ! what have you done ?
To snatch away the pleasant one
Just in the very prime of life,
The loving mother and the wife,
A husband's heart with grief hath torn,
And lovely children to him born.
Their anguish cannot be expressed,
A loss can never be replaced.
A grief to our beloved Queen,
A loving daughter to her been ;
Now frae her removed away,
We trust to realms of endless day.
She 's now beyond the reach of pain,
Our loss, her everlasting gain,
Joined her two loved ones gone before,
And father dear she did adore.

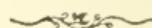
She's now with them in heaven blest,
In heaven's time joined by the rest,
Lived lovingly while here below,
Their Father's house at last will go.
A united family will be
In bliss again when death sets free ;
Divided never be again,
Free from sorrow, death, sin, and pain.
In endless bliss forever be,
Their loving Saviour always see,
Though high their station has been here,
Exalted then to higher sphere.

To Her Majesty shock severe,
Occurring same day of the year
The good, the kind Prince Albert died,
Makes her grief more acutely tried.
Short-sighted mortals that we be,
Great heaven's ways we cannot see :
The good are early called away,
While wicked folk get longer stay,
Extending long their day of grace,
To fit them for a happy place,
And even at the eleventh hour
They may make their salvation sure.

May this teach all that death is sure
To all alike, both rich and poor,
Mortals must go when Heaven calls,
The tree lies the same way it falls :

Lesson, to be up and doin',
 Lest delaying be our ruin.
 We see the young, the middle aged,
 Oft in grim fight with death engaged,
 And in the grave consigned to lie,
 As well's the old that soon must die.

To write this a painful task has been,
 So now I'll say, God bless our Queen.



ON THE BIRTH OF A SON AND HEIR TO THE HADDO HOUSE ESTATES.

METHLIC, Tarves, Tarland rejoice,
 With mirthfu' strains lift up your voice ;
 Ye tenants cry and shout for joy
 At the birth of the infant boy,
 That, if his precious life be spared,
 Some distant day will be your laird :
 Direct line of the Gordon name,
 And aye mak' Haddo House his hame,
 Where his forefathers lived and died,
 Their tenants' friends aye staunch and tried.
 To them the Gordon name is dear,
 Now for a change they need not fear,
 And thankful for the pretty boy—
 A father's pride, a mother's joy ;
 And see him up to manhood grown,
 When years of childhood past have flown ;

A good kind landlord may be seen,
Like former Earls of Aberdeen.
Well may the tenants all rejoice
When they see this branch arise,
That's sprung direct frae the auld stock,
For ages back have stood the shock
Of time's still ever-changing scenes,
And yet the good old name retains.
Done their best for their country's good,
Their tenants' friends have firmly stood ;
Liked to see all thriving round them,
That all under them aye found them.
Aye favours to dependants give,
Their motto was " Live and let live."
Ho ! thrice welcome little stranger,
Ye have now removed the danger ;
If your infant life be spared,
At Haddo House nae ither laird
Will now for lang assume the sway,
The Gordon name be there for aye.
In heaven's favour may he grow,
As this life's vale he passes through ;
As he strength and wisdom gathers,
Follow the footsteps of his fathers.

May heaven guide the darling youth,
Aye lead him in the ways of truth ;
Guard him in a vile world of sin,
May he a virtuous life begin ;
In favour be with God and man,
And understand salvation's plan ;

Early choose the safe and only path
 That leads to life away from wrath.
 May prove himself a worthy son,
 His duty do till life be done ;
 Across life's stormy ocean past,
 In heaven be received at last.

O Ythan, send up your thanks,
 Another lord to grace your banks,
 Will you now pleasure great afford ;
 For ages past ye 've had a lord
 To honour with his presence near,
 Beside you spent part of the year.
 Ye had a blythe and joyful day
 The noble Countess came to stay,
 When the Earl had brought her home,
 And by your side at times to roam ;
 To see her almost wild with joy,
 Ye 'll dance to see the lovely boy,
 Which in due course will come
 To live in his forefathers' home,
 The noble race continued on—
 Father succeeded by the son.



THANKS FOR A BOX OF GAME FROM HADDO HOUSE.

AH ! what is this ? a box of game—
It must be mine, it bears my name ;
I am gey proud just of the same—

Now let me see

Frac what gweed friend it to me came,
That's kind to me.

Frae Haddo House, I see its gien
By Lord and Lady Aberdeen.
They each have proved to be my frien'

In many ways,

I'll thank them till my life gangs deen—
Just a' my days.

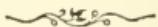
Neither need to beg nor borrow
(That is often done with sorrow),
Dinner sure I'm of to-morrow,
A noble feast,
Off a hare shot in a furrow,
A sonsy beast.

And other flecin' birds forbye,
Will be right nice baked in a pie,
Or cooked in any way you try,
Mak' dainty fare,
Even folk up in life's scale high
Could wish nae mair.

And I will prize the gift the mair,
 Such things come nae oft to my share ;
 Nae used to feed so rich and rare,
 Nae often seen,
 My table aye of such meat bare,
 Yet nae complain.

From grateful heart my thanks I send
 To all that are to me a friend,
 And helping hand does to me lend,
 I wish them weel,
 By such kind deeds a happy end
 In time they 'll feel.

At Haddo may the game be plenty,
 And make to them dinners dainty ;
 By sportsmen on pleasure bent aye,
 Quick be rabbit,
 Now and then to me be sent aye,
 Hare or rabbit.



A VISIT TO HADDO HOUSE—SEAT OF THE EARL OF ABERDEEN—IN 1878.

A BIT rhyme I am now to spin,
 But searce I ken how to begin.
 The thing I'm going to tell about
 Would need an abler pen, I doubt,

But I will try and do my best ;
Read what there is, suppose the rest.
A great event in my life's course,
A visit out to Haddo House,
By invitation kindly gi'en
By Lord and Lady Aberdeen,
September month, the fourteenth day,
I 'll be exact with what I say,
The year auchteen seventy-eight,
That was the very day and date.

I left home and occupation
Out by train to Udny Station,
Where, sent by his Lordship's command,
A conveyance did waiting stand
To take me on to Haddo House,
That place we reached in due course.
There my difficulty begins,
Right to tell a' the outs and ins
I saw about that bonny place,
Lang the hame of the Gordon race.
Was received by kind waiting men,
And to a room conducted ben,
Who a' attention did gie me
Till his Lordship wish'd to see me ;
Then was led out upon the green
To meet the Earl of Aberdeen.
There I his Lordship first time met,
And did a hearty welcome get
To see the house and pretty grounds—
Had cost many thousand pounds

To put them in such nice order,
Gravelled walks and flower border.

I looked around me with surprise,
I hardly could believe my eyes
That I still on this earth did stand,
Transported to some fairy land
By some unearthly power I'd been,
Before I'd half the rare things seen.
So many pretty things I saw,
Near took my senses clean awa'.
Upon the lawn before the hoose,
Saw everything so neat and spruce ;
Water up in air was mountin'
Frae a pretty polished fountain ;
Pretty flower beds here and there,
And close shaved lawn round everywhere,
Just like any Brussels carpet,
A finer one was never warpit.
When my surprise was wearin' ower,
And steady could around me glower,
And ither things began to see,
His Lordship kindly asked at me
If I would like to see the lakes ?
As he in them an interest takes,
He thought I would like to see them,
And beeome acquainted wi' them.
I said I would delighted be,
The pretty lakes to go and see ;
But as I of them didna ken,
He kindly sent one of his men,

One of the keepers of his game,
To let me see the road to them.
He was a nice, attentive chiel,
Who told and showed me a' thing weel.

About the trees we had a talk
As we went down the pretty walk ;
I delighted was with what I saw,
Could scarce be got to come awa',
So many fairlies to see here.
And then the park that feeds the deer
Next did our attention claim—
Thinks I, I am now far frae hame,
Afar in some wild Hielan' glen,
And far frae the abodes of men.
When I saw the bonny creatures,
Shy and timid in their natures,
Then found I was not far frae hame,
They were so quiet, nice, and tame.

When down a bit I was conveyed,
One of the lakes I then surveyed ;
Saw there some pretty swan,
Fear'd not at the approach of man,
Sailing in majestic grandeur,
As did a nice goose and gander ;
Numerous ducks, wild and tame,
Made that bonny lake their hame,
Contented with their happy lot,
Nothing to fear but being shot.

Twa pleasure boats and a canoe
Lie there for use as well 's for show,
In a nice boathouse built of wood,
With wooden piers the landing good.
In one of them a sail to tak',
The man said he'd safe bring me back,
He bade me one of them enter—
On the water I'd not venture,
Had not pluck to be a sailor,
Either in a sutor or a tailor,
That I doubt ye would not get—
That is my ease at any rate.

Now on a wooden seat sat down,
Where lofty trees did us surroun'.
We sat and gazed upon the scene,
Trees on each side, the lake between.
It was a splendid sight to see,
And looked grand, at least, to me.
Then after restin' for a time,
In which I read some bits o' rhyme,
That I thought best, out of my book,
As we sat in that shady nook,
To my guide that was strange and new.
He said my rhymes were very true
Upon the subjects that they touched—
He sat and heard like one bewitched.

But we on again must travel
On a walk of finest gravel.

The roads and walks are a' the same,
Fine seats to rest on sides of them ;
They are so numerous and so lang,
'Twould take a week through them to gang.
When to gang round them I did speak,
Guide said, " Ye 'll need to bide a week."
Trampin' on upon anither tack,
We came upon anither lake,
By far better and far bigger,
And of a mair romantic figure.
A pretty sheet of water pure,
I could hae gazed on 't by the hour
And never tired, it was so grand,
Surrounded by the higher land,
On which the old and noble trees,
Their heads were noddin' to the breeze
And hangin' ower the pretty lake,
Did a most pleasant picture make.
In its midst a wooded islan',
Bright with verdure green was smilin' ;
Swans, geese, and ducks were also there,
Both wild and tame, a seore and mair,
A quiet seclusion did enjoy,
No poachers dared them to destroy ;
The keepers aye were on the watch,
A poacher there they soon would catch.

Also a boathouse here I saw,
In it pleasure boats ane or twa,
I have no doubt but there will be,
I did not wish to go and see.

I would not of this make mention,
Other things took my attention,
Made me hurry on to see them,
And a short inspection gie them.
We passed the lake at lower end,
Our walk a bit on to extend.
An old castle, now in ruins
By the effects of time's doin's,
Next did our attention claim,
Castle of Kelly was its name ;
In years now lang past and gone,
As we judged by the crumbling stone ;
Had in its day been of some strength,
But after time of such a length,
So little about it I ken,
Leave 't to antiquarian men
To read up and speak about it,
As what I 'd say folk might doubt it.
Leaving the ruins as they are,
We did not proceed that way far.
Saw twa cottages of wood built,
In one of them my guide he dwelt ;
Very nice cottages they were,
Keepit in full state of repair.
His Lordship likes to see his men
In comfort keep't, their wants to ken,
And what he sees they are in need
Is to them done or sent with speed.

There of the Ythan had a view,
That here to me seemed strange and new ;

She almost comes close to the place
As she rins on her seaward race.
Far enough in that direction
We were now with our inspection,
So turned about and back again
The same way we before had gane.
Back to where pretty trees did thrive,
Along what is called the Green Drive,
Travelled on it a good long while,
The wood we entered by a style.
So close the trees were overheed,
I of my guide now saw the need
(Out there I fear I had not wun,
As I saw neither wind nor sun),
Out of that soon we found our way
Into the dazzlin' glare of day.

But now in walks and shaven plot,
Former fatigues we soon forgot,
And pretty grounds now walkin' through,
The mansion house came into view,
To which I was led in again
By my guide and some servin' men,
Who showed me such attention
That of them I must make mention.
To dinner next I was led ben,
The road mysel' I did not ken,
Could not get on without a guide,
So many doors stood open wide,
In wrong ones I'd been sure to stray,
And in the end would lose my way ;

But by my guide's able leadin',
Was led to what I was needin'—
A nice hunger-staunehin' dinner,
Served up in a handsome manner,
To which I ample justice did,
Attendants did not need me bid ;
I hungry was, the meat was gweed,
I soon had a substantial feed,
Swilled down with a good glass of ale,
Well satisfied I found mysel'.

When from dinner I did retire,
I found by his Lordship's desire,
Another man to be my guide
To where the gardener did abide,
That I might see the gardens braw
Before I left to eome awa'.
Up through pretty flowers we went,
And walks, the like I never kent,
We came to the gardener's dwellin',
Where my guide was for him callin'.
Saw his wife, a decent woman,
Who said soon he would be comin'
To show the beauties of the place.
So says my guide, " If that 's the ease,
He in the gardens will be throng,
We 'll not need to detain him long ;
We 'll to the gardens straight repair,
And maybe we will meet him there."
After seein' their handsome hame,
We bade goodbye unto the dame,

Proceeded then up to the gate,
And there by chance the gardener met.
My guide then tell't him our story,
At which he said he was sorry
He had so little time to spare,
A fine flower was needin' s care,
Would take his time fast as able,
To grace this day's dinner table.
He said my guide would do as weel,
Of what we'd see he had some skill,
'Twas long since to the place he came,
Head keeper of his Lordship's game.

But as the day was now far spent,
Into the gardens straight we went,
And there I stood with sad surprise
As the bright scene before me lies.
Frae the gate at which we enter,
A nice walk runs up the centre,
Both sides lined with pretty flowers,
Grown by sunshine and warm showers.
Lots of vegetables planted,
And for cookin' often wanted ;
What pretty onions, leeks, and kail,
Carrots, neeps, mair than I can tell,
Growin' there in rich profusion,
So close, almost in confusion.
From them a' we did shortly pass
To houses walled and roofed with glass,
Full of fruits, flowers o' rare worth,
That will not grow in open furth,

In cold days heated up with steam
Till they a warmer climate seem.
Grapes in big clusters hingin' roun',
With weight the vines were bendin' down ;
Plums and peaches, the taste to please,
Tomatoes, figs, and bread fruit-trees,
Pine apples, melons, and nice pears,
A' well trimmed up with gardener's shears
Rare and choice fruits, and the tree fern,
And things I have their names to learn
Are there by scores and by hunders,
Teeming earth's prolific wonders.

When we had seen a' that was there,
We saw we had some time to spare ;
Now being out of the garden bounds,
Surveyed some more surroundin' grounds.
Outside behind the garden wall,
Are houses where the workmen dwell
That daily work about the place,
The gardens and the walks to dress.
Snug, pretty cottages they were,
That speak well of his Lordship's care
And comforts of his working men,
A' that right weel his servants ken ;
That they are well, they are believing,
Scarcely ever think of leaving.
A long walk by his Lordship planned,
To look at now took us in hand,
A pretty walk and well laid out,
The best, I think, the place about.

It frae the gardens takes a roun',
Then to the house it straight leads down
Between twa rows of pretty trees,
For lang have stood the wintry breeze.
So down we came that splendid walk,
And about it had a talk ;
Then saw and walked upon the green
That lately was the lively scene
Of the tenants' princely dinner,
The Earl being their entertainer ;
To show's goodwill and his respect,
He did them there that day collect.

Having some little time to spare,
We to the gun-room did repair,
Saw the sporting guns and rifles,
A' right nice guns they were, not trifles,
Both single and double barrels,
Were not made for nation's quarrels ;
Cartridge-filling machine I saw,
At once a hunder out can draw ;
Deers' heads, with foxes' heads and tails,
Upon the walls were fixed with nails,
Gas stove for heating up the room,
And nice and clean swept with a broom.
But as the time did onward flee,
Into the house I went to tea.
Was led into the house again
By some one of the serving men,
To the tea-table by him led,
And with nice dainty things was fed.

When tea was done, I was ready
Now to go and see the Lady,
As a man did notice gie me
That the Countess wished to see me ;
Right glad I was that she had sent
To come before I homeward went.
To see the handsome pretty lady,
In her room I found her ready
A hearty welcome to gie me,
And said she was glad to see me ;
She kindly for my welfare speirt,
That I was well, was glad to hear 't.

Next throughout the mansion shown,
From room to room in order goin'.
Oh ! what a lot of pretty things
That the command of money brings,
What pretty pictures there I saw,
Were hung about upon the wa'—
Lords and ladies, fair to look on,
Long since to the ither world gone.
The well-stored library I saw,
The room that pleased me best of a' ;
There I would get store of readin',
The thing I am aye sair needin'.
I often find that a great want,
As I of books am very scant ;
A loss I find it many times
When I am writing out my rhymes.
Then I was glad the place to see
To Heaven's King they bow the knee,

And they sing to Him songs of praise,
In family prayer their voices raise,
And taught beyond this earth to look
By lessons from the sacred book ;
That they their precious souls may save,
And live in bliss beyond the grave.
The new chapel erected there
Will be the place for family prayer.
Oh, what a fine world this would be,
Did we more family altars see !

Lots of more things were to be seen,
But as my time was nearly deen,
I fear I 'll need to end my rhyme
And go and see 't some other time ;
The other lake I 'd like to see,
A pretty lake 's a treat to me.
My time, I found, was fairly ower,
And a conveyance at the door
To take me to Udny Station,
Where the train in expectation
Was to take me to Aberdeen
To meditate on what I 'd seen.
So ends a day I 'll mind upon
So lang as life with me runs on,
I never can forget the way
That I was entertained that day
By Lord and Lady Aberdeen,
Their like is not often seen.
Of stinkin' pride they are quite free,
When they 'd look on the like o' me.

Some, with not half what they possess,
 And many with a good deal less,
 That would disdain with me to speak,
 Far less my company would seek.
 Should this my Lord and Lady please,
 They 'll say to me, "Come back and see 's."



TO YTHAN WATER.

My gweed auld frien', Ythan, rejoice,
 And with gladness lift up your voice ;
 Nae ither river that I ken
 Has been sae honoured by great men
 And gentle ladies, gweed and fair,
 Like diamonds costly, rich, and rare.
 Your banks for lang hae studded been,
 And many ups and downs ye 've seen,
 For many years now past aud gane,
 Sae lang it 's out o' mortal ken.
 Frae the Deluge I might suppose
 Ye to a river's rank arose,
 And down through Methlic's howes ye ran.
 Lang afore the abodes o' man
 Upon your banks came into view,
 Your course ye seaward did pursue.

A place of note stan's on your banks,
 Wi' best o' modern mansions ranks,

Has lang the hame been o' a lord,
 Thē best that Scotland does afford,
 The country's welfare had at heart,
 In her government took a part,
 And aye took measures for her gweed,
 For what things she stood maist in need ;
 Happy aye would auld Scotland been
 Sic statesmen had she always seen.

I might gang back for many year,
 But o' their history I 'm nae clear,
 And farrer back can nae record
 Than grandsire o' the present lord,
 Whose memory stan's on Ythsie's hill,
 And keep in mind for ever will
 The honoured late lamented peer,
 And seen by a' baith far and near,
 Who will lament their landlord gone
 When they see that tower o' stone.
 Their loss wou'd been mair hard to bear
 Had they a landlord got to fear,
 Been keepit down wi' iron rule,
 And made them sing wi' care and dool—
 But honour to the Gordon name,
 They hae got landlords aye the same,
 Who well can act a noble part,
 Their tenants' welfare hae at heart,
 They ever think and act upon,
 As well as them that's dead and gone.

But O, Ythan, though thus ye've seen
 Their landlords pass ane after ane,

Yet a great comfort yet ye hae
To see a branch that root sprung frae
Grow up to fill the vacant place,
By a' beloved nane the less.
The tenantry upon your banks
May a' pit up their fervent thanks,
As well as those ye dinna see.
May a' unite, may a' agree,
With you abundantly rejoice,
That they hae got sae rich a prize
As the gweed lord at Haddo House,
That there now rules and is the source
Whence flows all their prosperous state
In the future, as well 's of late.
In proof o' what I hae here said,
Look at the demonstration made ;
The tenants showed true and ready,
To welcome hame the gentle lady
Their much-loved lord had to them brought,
That he had chosen (happy thought)
To cheer and bless his noble home,
Baith now and for lang years to come.
To be such will be the prayer
O' a' connected wi' them there.

O, Ythan, such a great turn out
Ye never saw, I sairly doubt,
Since that noble lordly buildin'
(Joy and pleasure to you yieldin')
Was built in years now lang gane by
Upon your banks that near han' lie.

Placed there by the commanding word,
Ancéstor o' the noble lord
That lives now in that bonny place,
And mak's your grandeur name the less.
When word came frae the happy pair,
The noble lord and 's lady fair,
Were coming to their future hame,
Lang honoured by the Gordon name,
The tenants mustered out in force,
Each mounted on a well fed horse,
A cavalcade o' near five hunder
Came on wi' noise like thunder.
They in the road came ridin' on
As far as Newseat o' Tolquhon,
And mony ane upon their feet
Came out that day their lord to meet ;
Glad he was among them to abide,
And bringin' hame his bonny bride.
With hearty shouts they rent the air
As soon 's they saw the happy pair,
A lang life, and welcome hame,
Frae ilka heart right loyal came ;
Wi' flags and streamers wavin' round
Frae a' lumheads and vantage ground.
Was never seen sic great display
As was got up there that happy day.
Ye Ythan, sparklin' in the sun,
Rejoicin' in the glorious fun,
And almost stoppit in your course
When ye came anent Haldo House,

And dancin' in your banks wi' glee,
Such happiness around to see.
As landlord and his tenants a'
Together close and closer draw,
Each for ither's welfare care,
Each pittin' up a silent prayer,
The tenants wishin', on their side,
For their gweed landlord and his bride
A lang, lang life o' happiness
Among them in their bonny place ;
Their landlord and his noble lady,
On their part aye wishin' steady
Everything for their tenants' gweed,
Great store o' health and daily bread,
Each in their place to live contented,
Friendship 'twixt them be cemented
Aye firmer as the years roll on,
Their interests aye be joined in one.
But, O, Ythan, I hae mair to say
About another grand gala day.
The noble lord and his lady,
Always kind, and ever ready
To their tenants to show respect,
To a great dinner did collect
Them a' upon the bonny green,
A show the like was never seen.
Nine hunder farmers were convened,
A' tenants that their lands contained,
With cottagers and crofters baith,
A' that his Lordship sat aneath.

Maist o' them had been a' their lives,
 Camé wi' sax hunder o' their wives,
 As their landlord did them summon
 To come, ilka man and woman.

A large marquee and canvas tent
 Right on frae Aberdeen was sent,
 Lots o' waiters frae that sent on
 The assembled guests to wait upon.
 To a', frae great unto the least,
 The gweed things o' that sumptuous feast
 For them there that day provided,
 And wi' nae spairin' han' divided ;
 Hale sheep and big oxen roasted ;
 Hens, geese, ducks, and turkeys toasted ;
 Big salmon, as ye may well ken,
 Taen out o' you by servin' men ;
 Wi' dumplin's, puddin's, and fruit pies,
 Well baked, and o' a monstrous size ;
 Wi' liquors gweed to swill them doun,
 Nae stintit drap was handit roun'.

When a' had eaten well their fill
 O' a'thing gien them wi' gweed will,
 The tables cleared o' fragments left,
 But nae o' a' gweed things bereft,
 On them soon was set the toddy,
 And a glass to everybody
 To fill up and mak' a' ready,
 Health to pledge the noble lady

That holds the rule o'er Britain's Isles,
And keeps at bay the foeman's wiles
That would seek Britons to enthrall,
But by her rule repels them all.

A lot o' mair toasts were taen up
And drunk to wi' a flowin' cup
A' in their order as they came,
And well responded to the same.

But the great toast o' the meetin',
O'er a' ithers far competin',
Was the health and happiness
Of the noble owners of the place—
Earl and Countess of Aberdeen,
Was with a hearty cheerin' gien,
And loudly called for one cheer mair
For the Earl and his lady fair.

“Hip, hip, hurrah!” for three times three,
“Lang may they live and happy be,”
Was the wish and fervent prayer
O' a' the tenants that day there.
So closed a day will ever live,
When thought upon will pleasure give,
As lang as life wi' them remains,
A' in Haddo House domains.
Also respect and honour yieldin'
To masons engaged buildin'
A chapel to complete the place,
Showin' them nae devoid o' grace,
But like the patriarchs of old,
As in the Scriptures we are told,

That aye where they pitch'd their abode
They raised an altar to their God.
What an example gweed to see
Those high in station bow the knee
To Lord of Lords and King of Kings,
The giver free of all good things
To use and richly to enjoy,
For good their riches to employ,
And keepin' aye the end in view
When an account for how they do
Will be of every one demanded,
And in weel or woe be landed
Accordin' as they hae done here,
And distributed to the peer,
As stewards of riches lent them
By Him who to this world sent them.
Likewise the workmen at the place
Were treated wi' respect nae less,
A gweed hearty dinner gien them,
Nae cost spared to entertain them,
But treated like as brither men,
As they respect them back again ;
Some o' them been there a' their lives,
A warm hame to bairns and their wives.
O, happy folk and happy laird,
To hae o' ither such regard.

Now, Ythan, such a happy day
For lang ye 've nae chanced to hae,
And lang may ye wish it to be
Till ye the like again may see,

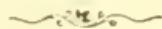
As that right well ye ken implies
 Till ane or baith parties dies
 (That's been the cause o' that display
 Upon your banks the other day).
 But in their highly honoured home
 Live for mony lang years to come
 In peace and happiness and love,
 Till called to a blest home above,
 Be your wish and earnest prayer
 Aye for the newly wedded pair.

Many a braw place in your course
 Ye see, but name like Haddo House.
 I've oft thought I would like to see 't,
 And better become acquainted wi' 't,
 But my station and low degree
 Keeps me frae what I'd like to see.

So, Ythan, dear, I'll say good-bye,
 And may your bed be never dry,
 But rinnin' on while ages last,
 Contented where your lot's been cast.
 I wish you well wi' a' my pith,
 Ever your true frien', JEAMIE SMITH.

P.S.—But, Ythan, I must nae forget
 About the scholars' handsome treat.
 Great numbers were invited there,
 Made to partake o' dainty fare,
 Fruit, tea, and mony things forbye,
 To suit the taste and please the eye.

Amusements and games made ready
By his Lordship and his lady,
And prizes gien to those that won,
To jump, to dance, and races run.
A pleasant afternoon they spent,
The day was done afore they kent.
In after life they will look back
Wi' pleasure on this generous act.
When done, three hearty cheers were gien
For Lord and Lady Aberdeen.



ON THE BIRTH OF A SON AND HEIR TO THE BALMEDIE ESTATES, BELHELVIE.

SOMETIME back, self constituted,
Of events to tell about it,
As rhymer I took in hand
To tell what happens in the land
Among my patrons, kind and gweed,
That condescend my books to read,
Pay me well for what I send them,
For which may a' gweed attend them—
Little ither for a livin'
Than what kind friends to me givin'.

An event, the cause of much joy,
Birth of an heir, a pretty boy,
To the estate of Balmedie.
Mr. Lumsden and his lady

Will now be quite proud of the same,
 Continue on the family name,
 Lang in the place has honoured been.
 Three generations now I 've seen,
 By a' their tenants well beloved,
 As out and in 'mongst them they moved ;
 Aye landlords to their tenants gweed,
 Giving free what they saw them need—
 Happy tenants and happy lairds,
 That have of ither such regards.

When glad news came to Balmedie,
 Tenants turned out quick and ready
 To show their gladness and their joy
 At the birth of the infant boy,
 Keep up a name they hae regard,
 Be in some future time their laird,
 But wishing that a distant day,
 Well pleased are with the laird they hae ;
 But well assured a day will come,
 When to his fathers gathered home,
 Will hae one of the honoured race
 'Mong them as laird to tak' his place.

To seen the land the ither day,
 With wavin' flags and streamers gay,
 One would hae thought the folk gane mad,
 Held holiday, they were so glad.
 Maist every house had up a flag,
 The poorest, though 'twas but a rag,

At their lumheads were erected,
To show how their laird respected,
And their love for his good lady,
Aye their friend, staunch and steady,
By his kind ways affection won,
And above a', their youthful son.

Upon a hill a pile they raised,
And there at night a bonfire blazed
(The bonfire on the Hill of Keir
Made the dark night like noonday clear),
In honour of the happy day,
While around were folk glad and gay.
In full bumpers that did o'errun,
Pledged their laird, lady, and young son,
Wishin' them health and happy days,
As on through life they wend their ways,
Prayin' far off may be the day
Till the young laird assumes the sway,
But glad when parents' life is done,
Father succeeded by the son ;
If heaven spares the darling boy,
See him grow up will be their joy.
As he strength and wisdom gathers,
Move in footsteps of his fathers,
Will their love and affection claim.
They dearly love the Lumsden name,
Wish nae ither to rule o'er them,
Sons of fathers gone before them.
If tenants' prayers hae effect,
Providence will the youth direct

In the right path that he should go
Through all his life while here below ;
And when his time on earth is done,
His place be filled up by a son,
Keep ever up the Lumsden name,
Generations to come the same,
And one of that name ever be
Aye at Balmedie by the sea.
A nice place, and growin' better
By the mason, wright, and slater ;
A pretty house will soon be there,
With pretty grounds and gardens fair,
Delightful residence will be,
And prospect of the boundless sea.
Long may they live it to enjoy,
Laird, lady, and their lovely boy,
Aye walking in the ways of truth,
Example to the darling youth,
And when their time on earth is done,
Leave honoured name unto their son.



ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. ARCHDEACON M. G. F. BISSET OF LESSENDRUM.

ANOTHER of my patrons gone,
All passing off, one after one ;
Ten of my former patrons gweed,
Alas ! now numbered with the dead.

Each had to go, their time was come,
Grim Death has called at Lessendrum
And taen awa' my gweed auld frien',
That twice had me donations gien—
Nae trifle, but a gweed roun' sum,
Was sent to me frae Lessendrum.
Reverend Archdeacon, now awa',
Was ever good and kind to a':
Whate'er their creed he did not mind,
He as their brother man was kind.
The love to man he did accord,
Showed forth his great love for his Lord,
Who said, "Love God with strength and mind,
And to your brother man be kind."

Acting on this plan to the end,
Ever did my departed friend,
To all was his assistance given
Whatever road they took to Heaven;
If they straight in that road held on,
And looked to Christ before them gone,
Travelling on by faith and prayer,
Their different roads would a' meet there—
Before the throne would meet at last,
Where all life's cares and troubles past.

Such was the creed of him that's gone,
His master's work hath faithful done,
Through a long life has done his best,
Now sweetly will enjoy his rest;

With his Saviour (here did love)
Will spend eternity above.
Now a' his toils and troubles ower,
Safe landed on that happy shore,
See the reward of all his toil
In many happy ransomed soul
Brought home by what of Christ he told,
Now safe in the good shepherd's fold.
Tenants will miss him sad and sair,
He of their wellbeing had a care ;
The time he their landlord has been
Many ways proved himself their frien',
Made them a comfortable home,
Told them oft of a world to come,
By many a line and many a text,
Their friend for this world and the next,
Did their souls and bodies regard,
Proved himself a most worthy laird ;
Sincerely for him now they 'll mourn,
From them gone, never to return.

And many one beyond his lands
Received great favours at his hands,
To them oft in great straits did come,
Will miss the laird of Lessendum,
Who was right well beloved by a',
Baith near at hand and far awa'.
Sure folk of Huntly and Drumblade
For him will tears of sorrow shed.
Nae mair his venerable form
(Welcome baith in sunshine and storm)

Will gladden with his presence near,
With words of comfort come to cheer
When sad and downcast in their minds,
The good old man some comfort finds.
They 'll mind the way he cheered them on,
And prayed for them at mercy's throne,
Their lot made bright in many ways,
And now they 'll bless him a' their days.
When in Heaven they meet him there,
Will him thank for their souls' great care.

While all will thus with sorrow mourn,
And eyes to his successor turn
For comfort in their hour of need,
And be to them a landlord gweed,
And be their friend as far 's he can,
Be a good son of so good a man,
Friend of them he did befriend,
To them a helping hand extend ;
In my individual case,
Aye be to me a friend nae less.



ON THE DEATH OF WILLIAM LESLIE OF NETHERMUIR.

ALL will lament with me, I 'm sure,
Mr. Leslie of Nethermuir,
Now gone the way of all the earth,
We hope now to a better berth—

A man, rose frae the workin' class,
And far ahead of them did pass.
A workin' mason first was bred,
At the time a poor payin' trade.
By great exertion and by skill,
And a determined onward will,
He rose to be a man of note,
Left a name will not be forgot,
But will mourned be by mony ane
In country and in Aberdeen ;
Be missed by a', baith rich and poor,
The good, kind laird of Nethermuir.

His tenants a' will miss him sair,
He of their welfare had a care,
Wished to see them thrive and get on,
And money make, as he had done.
Gave a' assistance in his power
To let a' live on Nethermuir :
But they have yet his kind lady,
Will be their friend and help steady,
Who with him for their comfort cared—
O, lang may she be with them spared.

Although bent on money mak'in',
And of it aye gweed care takin',
He was nae miser with his gear,
He liberal was aye to the peer.
The truth of that I well can tell,
Sent a donation to mysel'

To help me in these hard-up times
To pay the printin' of my Rhymes.
Another of my patrons gone,
I doubt I 'll come but poorly on
With my next book, now near ready,
But I will trust to his good lady.
A' what he did, she 'll do the same,
Keep up the credit of his name,
Leave nane to sadly mourn his death,
But bless him with their latest breath.
He in his day had honoured been,
The highest seat in Aberdeen
For years he with acceptance filled,
For city's good the best he willed.
Freedom and keys of Aberdeen
He honour had to give our Queen
(As was the Provost's wont and use),
As she came through from Haddo House.
A prince once as his guest had gone,
That came to lay foundation stone,
Harbour of Aberdeen's north pier,
Of north-east storms to keep it clear.
And honoured statesmen, high in power,
Have gone to feast within his bower—
A man honoured and respected,
Oft to posts of trust elected ;
An office-bearer in his kirk,
Aye faithful in his holy work,
With 's worldly substance helped her on,
She 'll miss him sair now that he 's gone.

With workin' hard and doin's best,
 He sweeter will enjoy his rest.
 When his toils are now past laid,
 By heaven's king it will be said,
 " Well done thou servant good and true,
 My delight is in such as you ;
 To you, heaven's joys I do accord,
 Enter now the joys of your Lord."

The lonely lady left behind,
 To comfort her be heaven kind,
 From all her sorrows give relief,
 Support her in her day of grief,
 Till life be spent she come to die,
 Join her loved husband up on high,
 Where they united will remain,
 Never divided be again.

Through endless ages will rejoicee,
 Endowed with life that never dies,
 Their loving Saviour ever see,
 And in his presence ever be ;
 Now freed from sorrow, death, and sin,
 And from a wicked heart within,
 In robes of white they 'll ever stand,
 And roam in bliss that happy land.



A LAMENT FOR THE LATE
CAPTAIN JOHN GORDON OF CLUNY, &c.

LAMENT wi' grief ye Cluny lands,
Alang wi' Slains and Forvie's sands,
Buckie lands, and Isles o' the west,
Kinsteary land, and a' the rest.
Death has deprived you o' a frien',
Your loss is nae yet fully seen ;
A gweed, a kind, indulgent laird,
That for his tenants had regard ;
Had they but the least want express't,
Was soon and willingly redress't ;
If he but saw that they had need,
Any improvement for their gweed,
His purse was aye at their command,
Through a' the corners o' his land.
To do gweed he aye was ready,
Baith him and his gentle lady.
They many kindly actions did,
Will come to light that yet is hid.
Wi' the stiff clayey soil o' Slains
He neither spared purse nor pains,
And like to baffle a' did seem,
He sent and ploughed it up wi' steam.
A' the fishermen on his lands
Had many favours at his hands ;
Harbours he built where he saw need,
And many things did for their gweed.

To save their lives in time o' storm,
Wi' liberal hand he did perform,
And his gweed Christian lady
Was like to him, ever ready,
Aye buildin' schools where she saw need,
Without respect o' sect or creed ;
She nae preference to any showed,
By her were a' alike endowed,
For their eternal welfare cared.
May she among them lang be spared,
See fruits spring up a hunder fold,
Mair precious than the finest gold,
Will last when earth and all its store
Will be consumed and is no more.
Short-sighted mortals canna see
What for their gweed is best to be,
We would murmur, and say why
Has the good man so soon to die
When so much good is being done ?
Men's interests cared for, their souls won.
By the example that they see
Of those that in high station be,
As well 's o' them a lesson learns,
Looks to a future life's concerns.

The good and true right-hearted man
Has oft a short allotted span
Gien to him here upon this earth,
Till taken to a better berth,
Maun leave all, in dust lie down,
And exchange for heavenly crown.

The vain allurements o' this scene
Come oft them and their God atween ;
The good is oft quickly taen away,
While wicked men get leave to stay,
Their life prolonged down here below,
In hopes they 'll turn before they go,
Extending lang their day o' grace,
And fit them for a better place.
If they repent they will most sure
Be saved, even at the eleventh hour.

The late laird's gweed deeds to tell ower
Is a task far past my power,
In history they 'll ever shine,
By mony aue be kept in min'.
I never can in time forget,
How Slains' library up he set
In a way quite unexpected.
For years it had been neglected,
The books been sad and sair abused,
Cared for by nane, by a' ill-used ;
Wi' careless usage sadly torn,
The bindin's aff o' them maist worn,
Keepit in a most unsuitin' place,
On a damp wa', in a damp press.
Maist o' them in want o' bindin',
To do that nae money findin',
The whole concern nearhan' failin',
To raise 't up nae way for tellin'.
When like to fa' to rise nae mair,
And be among the things that were,

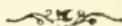
The kind, gweed laird o' Slains appeared,
And it through danger safely steered,
And set it upon its feet again,
In a' its usefulness to men.
Pounds he gave, and that nae a few,
The books to get re-bound anew,
In a place get them right keepit,
Where they'd nae wi' damp be steepit ;
A man set ower to keep it right,
O' a' the books to keep a sight,
And gie to a' folk that need them,
Books to take hame and read them ;
A yearly sum for them set by
To keep them goin', nae useless lie.

That I'm well pleased, is nae wonder,
When I'm its first and only founder.
I spared nae time nor yet expense,
Although some at it took offence
When called upon wi' it to help.
I persevered despite their yelp,
And got to it many a shillin'
Frae them that for gweed were willin'.
I soon had a sum o' money—
A ten-pound note I got frae Cluny.
To make the money bigger still,
A five-pound note came frae Parkhill ;
Cash frae tenants on their grounds
Made up the sum to sixty pounds.
Folk should do gweed where'er they gang,
Should they stop short or stop they lang.

I dwelt for nine lang years in Slains,
To do some gweed I took some pains,
Got a library set on foot,
I'll nae repent as lang's I've wit.

I hope, my lady, you'll accept
Frae me, nae just a great adept
In rhymin' up in prose or verse,
I canna be called a poet scarce,
But fain wi' you I'd sympathize,
As far as power in me lies,
And your great grief wi' you to share,
Ye ha'e been called upon to bear ;
Though hard to bear, yet may you see
A loving Father's hand to be,
For wise reasons He has seen best
To call your husband to his rest.
Now, we trust, in his heavenly home,
Where no disease nor death can come,
But perfect joys for ever flow.
Freed from the cares of life below,
Each ransomed soul doth quickly fly
Up to its blissful home on high.
Though high their station has been here,
Higher in that exalted sphere,
They will in endless honours roll,
A satisfied, a happy soul.
Had they it now o' their choicin'
Things o' earth they'd be despisin',
Just mere playthings and childish toys
When compared wi' their present joys.

When a' the changes o' this life,
When a' the battles and the strife,
A' the mortal ills o' life are past,
And the dread moment comes at last,
When the grim king to you draws near,
May you look on him wantin' fear,
Only come you to escort home
To where all good people come,
And meet your husband there on high,
No more to part, no more to die,
But changeless all for aye remain,
Where joys and bliss for ever reign.



A LAMENT FOR THE LATE EARL OF FIFE.

AH ! Death, you 've busy been of late
Removing men of high estate,
Ye rich and poor make all alike,
None can escape when you do strike.
Into this world by man's sin brought,
Among men ye have sad havoc wrought ;
By you all mankind have to die,
Get your commission from on high ;
No wealth nor power can stay your hand,
Both poor and nobles of the land
Must go when you do on them call—
Such is the common fate of all.

Death, you have now deprived of life,
The good, the noble Earl of Fife,
A loss be felt both far and wide
By all that in his lands abide.
They will for him sincerely mourn,
Gone from them, never to return ;
A good, kind landlord to them been,
Stood them and many ills between,
Had many favours at his hands
Through all his extended lands,
Aye scheming something for their gweed,
And giving what he saw them need.
Tenants' welfare had aye at heart,
Did to them well a landlord's part.
In House of Lords be felt a blank,
Country his services have to thank,
Both for his time and talent lent,
Did 's best for Scotland's government ;
Supported measures for her good,
Industries and supply of food,
Twa things she most depends upon,
She will now miss his counsel gone.
Good statesmen true she ill can spare,
To steer her right needs a' their care—
The late Earl gone did well his part,
And for him now her grief is smart.

But why thus for him sadly mourn ?
To the bright side now let us turn.
The good Earl did his duty here,
Translated now to higher sphere

After earthly toil (done his best),
Has, we trust, entered on his rest ;
Done duty to his fellow-man,
Accepted of salvation's plan,
Has run his race, and won the prize,
With his Saviour in the skies—
On earth did serve with ardent love,
Will spend eternity above ;
Would not exchange his present state
For a world's pomp and riches great,
Would not return to earth's vain show
For all the kingdoms here below,
Of all pain, sin, and sorrow free,
Loving Saviour ever see.

Another cause mak's grief the less,
One of the name to take his place,
A landlord good to tenants be,
An exact counterpart they 'll see
Of the good Earl that now is gone,
Father's footsteps followed by the son,
Will do to them what joy affords.
Take his place in the House of Lords,
Good landlord and statesman be,
Measures for country's good agree.
Devoted to his country's good,
And tenants' friend hath firmly stood,
Be ever named in after life
As a true and good Earl of Fife ;
When all life's toils and troubles o'er,
Join his forefathers gone before

In that other world, bright and fair,
Where no sad partings ever there,
But undivided dwell for aye
In realms of everlasting day.
To sorrowing friends left behind,
Heaven send consolations kind,
May see a Father's hand in this,
A friend removed from earth to bliss.
Heaven doth but its own restore,
Not to them lost but gone before,
In Christian race may urge them on,
And meet their friends to heaven gone,
United stand the throne before,
When things of earth and time 's no more.

This call to one of noble birth
Shows no respect to sons of earth,
As well 's the poor the rich must die,
Descend to grave from station high.
If to them be riches given,
Account will be required by heaven
Of how on this earth have spent them,
To the poor and needy lent them.



A RHYMING LIST OF THE KIND PATRONS
OF MY BOOK OF RHYMES,
PUBLISHED IN 1874.

I 'M rhymer now, as may be seen,
To Prince Leopold and the Queen ;
Mrs. Buchan of Auchmacoy,
Miss Buchan's favour I enjoy ;
The Misses Turner of Menie
Hae gien me mony a penny ;
Lady Clark of Tillypronie
Has been kind with shillin's mony ;
The good Lady Dingwall-Fordyce,
For my book sent something nice ;
Dowager Countess of Aberdeen
Has to me very liberal been ;
Misses Leslie of Powis House,
Their purse strings hae broke loose ;
Mr. Lumsden of Balmedie
Has been my friend, firm and steady ;
Lady Lumsden, Belhelvie Lodge,
A handsome sum she did not grudge ;
Lady Leith, owner of Leith-hall,
With a good sum did on me call ;
Frae Keith-hall, the Earl of Kintore
Sent me shillin's mair than a score ;
Lord Saltoun, House of Philorth,
A handsome sum to me sent forth ;

Colonel Gordon of Fyvie laird,
Did also for me show 's regaird ;
J. H. Udny of Udny's Green,
Has shown himself to me a frien' ;
William Henderson, Devanha House,
To me his money 's been of use ;
Thomas Douglas, of the Hotel,
Of what he gave I 'm proud to tell ;
William Yeats of Auquharney's land,
He gave to me with liberal hand ;
Sir William Forbes, Fintray House,
A good round sum to me let loose ;
George Thompson of Pitmedden, Dyce,
Sent to me a donation nice ;
Robert O. Farquharson of Haughton,
Did not pass me with money none ;
William Cunliffe Brooks, Glentanar,
Uscd me in a genteel manner ;
Hardy Robinson of Denmore
Sent to me shillin's half a score ;
Late Colonel Forbes, Rothienorman,
Was great good to me performin' ;
John Miller, Chemical Works here,
Helped me on with my career ;
Newell Burnett, Cairnton Cottage,
Sent me what would buy my pottage ;
Martin Pirie, of Stoneywood,
Has proved himself a patron good ;
David Seton, Mounie, Daviot,
Book for naething would not have it ;

Alex. Nicol, Murtle Hoose,
He helped me to cook my goose ;
Captain John Gordon of Cluny,
When he lived he sent me money ;
Henry Gordon, laird of Manar,
Did not me from his purse debar ;
John H. Milne, land of Craigelly,
Liberal was to me in really ;
Hugh G. Lumsden of Clova land
Did also me with money stand ;
Captain Duff of Hatton Castle
Helped me with debt to wrestle ;
J. W. Pease, Cardovan Lodge,
To my appeal did quickly budge ;
The Hon. G. Skene of Montcoffer,
Shabby sum he did not offer ;
The late laird of Rothiebrisbane,
With me on trifles did not stan' ;
Major Thomas Leith, Pitmedden,
Gladdenin' rays was on me sheddin' ;
The now honoured Marquis of Lorne
Showed that he was liberal born ;
Walter Leslie of Drumrossie
Helped me a bit up the closie ;
T. J. R. Innes, Netherdale,
On with my task gave me a spell ;
Alexander Baird of Urie
Came down with a golden showerie ;
William Leslie of Wartle laird,
His money with me liberal shared ;

A. Kilgour of Loirston, Cove,
Up with my book gave me a shove ;
Edward Pease, Kindrachet Cottage,
I'll mind on, though in my dotage ;
F. Garden Campbell, House of Troup,
He did not let my spirits droop ;
Sir R. Abercrombie, Forglen,
Is one of the right kind of men ;
The Lord Maeduff of Geldie Lodge
Did not leave me alone to trudge ;
James W. Barclay, Auchlossan,
By him I was nothing lossin' ;
Archdeacon Bisset, Lessendrum,
Sent on to me a handsome sum ;
Alex. P. Hogarth, Seaton,
Gave to me a handsome treatin' ;
A. S. Wilson, North Kinmundy,
Help'd me up with my fund aye ;
General Disney Leith of Blackhall
Handsome responded to my call ;
Lord Inverurie, Dunnichan House,
Sent cash that was to me of use ;
Harry Lumsden of Piteaple
Sent to me a handsome “apple” ;
Macpherson-Grant, Ballindalloch,
With laughter made me squalach ;
Colonel Duff, laird of Knockleith,
Gave money of some length and breadth ;
William Leslie of Nethermuir
Made on me fa’ a siller shower ;

William Newall of Blairfindy
Was with money very kind aye ;
James Florence, number Ten Queen's Road,
Sent money on to my abode ;
James Davidson of Balnagask,
For help in vain I did not ask ;
Francis G. Fraser of Findrack
A liberal sum he sent me back ;
Charles Dalrymple, Kinellar,
Gave me onwards a propeller ;
Lord Clinton, House of Fettercairn,
A liberal man I then did learn ;
Captain C. B. Fisher, Murcar,
Was with me a fellow-worker ;
The noble Earl of Aberdeen
Is about the best man I 've seen ;
Baronet Sir Dudley Majoribanks,
For what he sent deserves my thanks ;
Lord Rosebery, Dalmeny Park,
Gave me a push on with my wark ;
William Ferguson, Kinnundy,
Gave out by baith door and window ;
Major Turner of Turnerhall
Aye added to the rollin' ball ;
James Sim, the late laird of Cornhill,
Gave me a little with good will ;
James Shepherd, Aldie, Cruden, laird,
Showed unto me his kind regard ;
John F. White, flour merchant here,
Likes well to help the honest peer ;

Alex. Smith, at the Gas Works,
Is nae miser, but out he forks ;
John Begg, of Lochnagar Distil',
His mite sent to me with good will ;
J. F. Leith, M.P., Aberdeen,
A little help has to me gien ;
A. Macdonald, Field, & Co.,
They did not let me empty go ;
Andrew Farquharson of Whitehouse
Me a donation down did douse ;
William Hall, shipwright, Aberdeen,
To me a good friend has been ;
Colonel Innes of Learney
With cash heaped up the cairn aye ;
Peter Morison, the Lime Co.,
He has not been to me a foe ;
James Matthews, King Street, architect,
Was better than I did expect ;
J. A. Sinclair, of Scotland Bank,
Among my friends I now must rank ;
H. Wolridge Gordon, Esslemont,
With his full purse came to the front ;
Robert Catto, laird of Wallfield,
Did unto me the right thing yield ;
George Emslie, that lives at Kintore,
With his money swelled up my store ;
A. Duthie, shipbuilder, Fittie,
Helped me on a little bittie ;
George Paterson, the Deeside Lodge,
He did not treat my call as fudge ;

Andrew Mitchell, late Foveran House,
Sent what would buy a brace of grouse ;
Daniel Mearns, a merchant here,
To send me cash he did not fear ;
James Cumine, House of Rattray,
Helped me to defend my battery ;
Colonel Farquharson, Invercauld,
Was to me a friend, true and bauld ;
Doctor Beveridge, in Aberdeen,
Has proved himself to be my frien' ;
Colonel Fraser, Castle Fraser,
Up my Muse has helped to raise 'er ;
George Williamson of Littlewood
Has with his money done me good ;
William Hutcheson of Cairngall
Has sent money to where I dwell ;
A. Boyd, St. Fergus, Castlebrae,
The same I have got money frae ;
J. R. Mackenzie, of Thorngrove,
A gey good friend did to me prove ;
James Crombie, late of Govalbank,
Was good to me, I 'll feel the blank ;
A. Douglas Ainslie, Delgaty,
For the hard-up he shows pity ;
Robert Smith, laird of Glenmillan,
To help me was very willin' ;
John Fyfe, of the Kemnay Quarries,
To do good he never tarries ;
Walter Scott, Glendronach Distil',
The money sent did me nae ill ;

Gilbert Wilkinson, Monaltrie,
Is not neither mean nor paltry ;
John F. Lumsden, House of Auchray,
Helped in my strait to put it by ;
Captain Farquhar, House of Muiresk,
To help me on unlocked his desk ;
John L. Ross, of Arnage estate,
Gave me a very handsome treat ;
John Fowler, laird of Easter Skene,
Stood me and poverty between ;
Alex. Scott, Towie-Barclay,
Lighted up where I saw darkly ;
J. Forbes Mitchell, of Thainstone,
On me he has with favour shone ;
Robert Tindal, of Stonehaven,
Has a nice donation given ;
Major Ferguson, Coynach Brae,
I have some money gotten frae ;
William Black Ferguson, Invery,
To thank him well I'll ever try ;
John Park, merchant in Fraserburgh,
Pulled me out of despondin' slough ;
Admiral Farquhar, Carlogie,
His cash mae me blythe and bogie ;
William Dunn, Huntly's Battle Hill,
His cash did me with pleasure fill ;
William Maitland, of Shannaburn,
Did me a very handsome turn ;
William Findlay, Six Carden Place,
Helped me on in my rhymin' race ;

Colonel G. Kinloch of Park,
To me made light where it was dark ;
Alexander Stuart, Laithers,
Gave to me nae stupid blethers ;
William M'Kenzie, of Fintry,
A nice donation gave to me ;
R. G. Gordon, Letterfourie,
Rained on me a gentle showerie ;
R. Lumsden, House of Ferryhill,
Did to me not that very ill :
Simpson Shepherd, of Drumduan,
Did something to prevent my ruin ;
D. L. Shirras, House of Tullos,
Sent cash, and then twa books follows ;
Francis L. Pirie, Waterton,
He wished to see me gettin' on ;
J. Davidson, Inverurie,
Wished my way pleasant and flowery ;
J. F. Lumsden, Albyn Terrace,
Seemed my adventure to earess ;
Edward Fiddes, of One Queen's Road,
Wished to help me to bear my load ;
James Nicolson of Glenbervie
Wished me success to deserve aye ;
John Fraser of the Derncleuch
Helped me to climb Parnassus' heueh ;
E. B. Stuart of Crichtie Dens
Well me rewarded for my pains ;
John Stewart, Banchory Mansion,
My rhymin' efforts did sanction ;

William James Tayler, Rothiemay,
Helped me to keep the wolf at bay ;
Duncan Forbes of Balgownie
Bade me ride my rhymin' pony ;
George Donald, senior Baillie,
Friends like him I would wish daily ;
James Park, Fraserburgh, in the north,
To me a man of sterling worth ;
Doctor Fiddes, Union Street,
He sent for me with him to meet ;
David Dewar, of Castle Street,
Helped to set me upon my feet ;
Alex. Simpson, Firs, Murtle,
Fed me up like ony turtle ;
R. B. Horne, Eight Queen's Terrace,
Me and my book on would carry 's ;
James Henderson, Carden Terrace,
Helped to keep me aff the paris' ;
J. Mitchell, laird of Glassel,
To my cap he sent a tassel ;
Colonel Chambers, Huutly Lodge,
He sent me cash without a grudge ;
Doctor Stewart, dwells at Heatheot,
Showed he had not me forgot.



TO MY KIND PATRONS.

If former patrons would assist
With trifles sma', they'd never miss 't
(It's mony sma's mak's up a great),
Would now put me out of my strait.
Liberal as with my bookie last,
Then a' my troubles would be past,
If me their aid kindly lent it,
Soon my bookie I'd get printit ;
If I'd but siller of my ain,
I for help would nae be prayin',
But that's the thing I do not hae,
Depend on what I friends get frae.
Cobblin' auld sheen, nor much of that,
It will be lang ere I get fat :
Cobblin', at best, but a poor trade,
Nae better though new boots I nade.
Poor the livin' of a soutar,
Wife he'd need to live without 'er,
Can scarce get meat just to himsel',
A bachelor he'd need to dwell,
Of a family need never think,
And, above a', keep frae drink.



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